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The CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

AND CHILDREN'S PICTORIAL

The Story of the World Today for the Men and Women of Tomorrow

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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

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THE WONDERFUL C.N. BOOK COMING

NEW WORK OF MILTON?

THRILLING HOPE OF AN OLD BOOK

A Thousand Lines Which May
be from the Hand of Milton

THE SIGHTLESS SEER

Even in an age hardened by war and shaken again and again by rumours of wars, a thrill comes to us all in the possibility that a mass of manuscript by Milton may be given to the world.

Professor Hugh C. H. Candy has found a book of plates, printed in 1563, to illustrate the works of Ovid, which contains on the blank pages between the illustrations some verses of poetry.

The writing and the language suggest that they are by Milton. Many pages are missing, but 165 complete stanzas remain, in all a thousand lines—the average length of half the 12 books into which Paradise Lost is divided.

A Fighter for Freedom

What the literary value of the work is, whether Milton's or not, we do not yet know, but Mr. Candy is publishing copies of it serially.

If Milton wrote the verses the composition was the work of his youth, the youth of an extraordinarily gifted genius. But the point which lends a pathetic interest, beyond the normal excitement attending the recovery of a dead Master's work, is, of course, that Milton's blindness makes anything that comes from his pen precious beyond price.

As we all know, he lost his sight through excessive study in an age that had few good ordinary doctors and probably none who had any real understanding of the eyes. His vision expired in the writing of his Defence of the English People against the Tyranny of Wicked Kings. "I am spreading abroad amongst the cities, the kingdoms, and nations, the restored culture of civility and freedom of life," he proudly wrote.

Courage in the Heart

The light which he exhibited to others faded from his own eyes, and the English poet next to Shakespeare was struck blind. Never again was his hand to grasp a pen, yet Paradise Lost, Paradise Regained, Samson Agonistes, were unwritten! His dream of greatness ended, with terrible suddenness, in a sort of waking nightmare. But courage stirred in blind men's hearts long before the wonders of St. Dunstan's cheered on hopes of man's invincible spirit.

Not only was Milton blind, he was in danger of assassination from creatures of the king; and at the Restoration he was in peril of the headsman's axe.

Not that Charles minded him much; if he were a faithless friend, he was not a zealous enemy. But the King's toadies were zealous; and Milton's friends sought to make him safe, in the poor house in which he hid, by pretending he

had died, and arranging a mock funeral.

In poverty and seclusion Milton dictated the works which immortalised himself and helped to place English literature in the forefront of all literatures.

The marvellous stores of learning that run like granite foundations beneath the

exquisite fabric of beauty, majesty, and stupendous imagination which he erected were all drawn from memories of studies accumulated in days when he saw.

To recover today something that he wrote, therefore, would be a joy sufficient to set all the church bells ringing.

Logs for the Emperor's Temple



The Imperial Shrine at Yamada, in South Japan, is rebuilt every twenty years, and to assist in the work is considered a great honour by the Japanese. Here a number of youths are seen dragging logs from the river to the shrine for the rebuilding of the temple, which is now due

THE DANGER OF THE NEAR EAST

At the time of writing the situation in the Near East, caused by the overthrow of the Greek army in Asia Minor, is very grave. There is great danger that a new war may be begun, a war that might spread like a devastating fire over south-eastern Europe and the Mohammedan East.

Unfortunately, it looks as if the British Government have favoured what the Greeks have been doing, and are now preparing to defend them as Allies when they have been punished for doing what they ought not to have done, and that we are doing this under the pretence of defending the neutrality of the Black Sea Straits when that neutrality is not threatened.

It looks as if we are moving toward a war against Turkey, in which we should

not have the support of either France or Italy. Is such a war a necessity? If not it would be a monstrous crime. The one thing the whole world is interested in is the freedom of the Black Sea Straits, so that no country can close them.

So great is the question and so united the world's interest that Turkey will never try to recover her old power over the Straits. Then why need we call up visions of such a mad attempt, and create an atmosphere of war?

We trust that by the time this is read the danger will have receded, or at least that our country will not be flourishing the dangerous weapon of war, even as a threat. *There is no object at stake which cannot be achieved by peace much better than by war.*

PETER PAN IN TADPOLEDOM

BABY FROGS MYSTERY

Famine at Work in the Ponds
and Ditches

CHAPTER OF NATURAL MAGIC

The ponds have been full of tadpoles, and some are there still, so that more than one letter has come to the C.N. asking: "Why do not my tadpoles turn into frogs?"

It becomes apparent that famine has been prevalent this year in the little watery zoos presided over by youthful naturalists who turn to us for guidance. In short, the tadpoles which have remained tadpoles instead of becoming frogs have not had the quantity and kind of food necessary to give them energy for their enormous changes.

Tadpole's Dinner

Has any collector who has written to us given thought to the fact that tadpoles grow from food; that they languish and starve if they are not fed?

In a state of nature they have teeming supplies of water-weeds, algae, and so on. Every organic substance in a pond or a ditch is a meal for a tadpole. They are so eager for food that they will try an innocent nibble with their sucking-mouths at the feet of children paddling. Feed them with water-vegetation, or with scraps of meat, which they can suck, and they will become frogs in from eight to ten weeks. Deny them their due measure of food—and then their patron must write to the C.N. about it!

But what will happen to the tadpoles that remain tadpoles on our hands? ask these worried young naturalists. The writer, who has reared thousands of tadpoles, ventures a suggestion for an interesting experiment.

Science Amazed

Let all tadpoles now existing in perplexed possession be liberally fed with weed from ponds and ditches, and let pieces of meat be given to the poor prisoners as extra rations. Then let each tank in which they swim be given a good deep foundation of oozy mud.

It is probable that the result will be one of Nature's supreme miracles. These tadpoles, which should have become frogs by the middle of summer, may bury themselves in the mud, like frogs, sleep the winter away, and wake up next spring to complete the life-story.

Some time ago at Astley Abbott's Rectory, near Bridgenorth, tadpoles hatched from eggs laid by an incautious frog in the inhospitable water of an unheated conservatory tank found the food supply insufficient, remained larvae all the summer, hibernated through the winter, and did not reach the "leg stage" till they were a year old.

Famine kept back their development, and they blossomed into frogs twelve months late, when Science held up its hands in amazement.

THE ENGLISHMAN ON THE GERMAN SHIP

DRAMATIC SCENE IN A WRECK

Man Seeking Work Abroad Comes Home to Find Fame

500 LIVES SAVED AT SEA

It is a happy thing that the discouraging report about the management of the liner *Egypt* should have been so quickly followed by the fine story of the saving of five hundred imperilled people from the sinking German vessel *Hammonia* off the Spanish coast.

So rarely can fault be found with British care for life at sea that the report on the *Egypt* tragedy was a shock. The superb work of the *Kinfauns Castle* and other vessels more than restores the credit of our splendid Merchant Service.

The *Hammonia* was bound across the Atlantic with 557 people aboard, most of them Spanish or Portuguese emigrants.

A Cry for Help

A strong gale was blowing, but there was nothing in the weather to account for the disabling of the *Hammonia*, as a ship's boats handled with skill could live and transfer passengers. Apparently what did happen was that the *Hammonia's* coaling ports were burst open by a heavy sea and could not be closed again; and, as the inrush could not be dealt with by the pumps, the ship filled and sank. Realising that the sea had mastered him, the German captain sent out a wireless call: "Sinking; taking to the boats; help."

The *Kinfauns Castle*, commanded by Captain Day, homeward-bound from the Cape, and three other vessels, closed in on the doomed ship, and when they reached her found that some of her boats had already put off and had been capsized. Half-drowned people were clinging to rafts and other floating material, while the ship herself had a heavy list, and her terrified passengers were expecting instant death.

Dramatic Salute at Sea

Then was given an exhibition of British seamanship at its best. With perfect method, Captain Day's crew launched six boats, some to rescue the people already in the water and others to clear the ship. The first boat reached the water in 75 seconds, and, although the seas were heavy and one of the lifeboats was smashed, the rescuers brought 385 people to the *Kinfauns Castle*.

"We just did our job, and that's all," was Captain Day's summary of his crew's work for the Press; but to the men themselves he spoke of their deed with pride. What wonder that the German captain on reaching the *Kinfauns Castle*, shaken with emotion, first grasped the captain's hand, and then, drawing himself up to attention, saluted. It was a salute the world will copy, but is there not something dramatic, after all these years of bitterness and war, in this meeting of a German and an English captain on the seas?

Tales that Will Never Grow Old

And while England was playing her part in the waters the one Englishman aboard the *Hammonia* was doing his share. "I made up my mind I was going down, and I said to myself I will be an Englishman," said this lonely ex-soldier, of whom we speak on page 6. He was going out to seek work abroad; he has come home to find fame. It is a shame that such men should be driven from the country they honour.

"He is a quiet man," said his wife when she heard of it in England, "and in a crisis would do the very thing that should be done." Anyhow, when the *Kinfauns Castle* reached Southampton with her cargo of grateful people Mr. Jubb was, in the eyes of the Spanish women, the great hero among the rescuers.

So one more glowing chapter is added to the tales of the sea that will never grow old.

Picture on page 12

EARTH'S SHADOW

Moon Passing Through It

WHAT TO LOOK FOR ON THE FIFTH OF OCTOBER

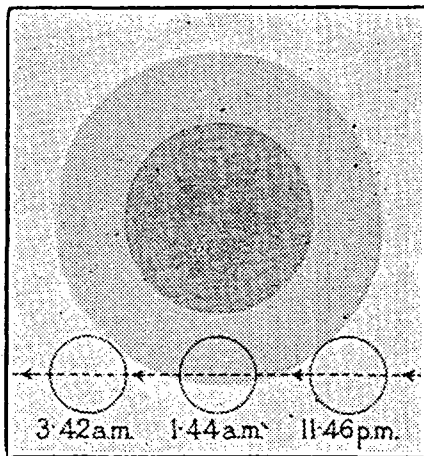
By the C.N. Boy Astronomer

Careful observers should be able to detect a peculiarity in the appearance of the full moon on the night of October 5.

In reality an eclipse of the Moon will take place, though no mention of it is found in the almanacs. There will be what is known as a penumbral eclipse—an eclipse in which the Moon enters only the outer and less dense part of the Earth's shadow.

The complete shadow consists of two parts—the inner or darker, known as the umbra, and the outer or lighter, known as the penumbra. To an observer in the umbra, the whole of the Sun is hidden by the Earth; consequently, when the Moon is completely immersed in the umbra, no direct sunlight reaches it, and we have a total eclipse of the Moon.

But to an observer in the penumbra the Sun is only partially obscured; and so, when the Moon is in the penumbra,



The eclipse of the moon on October 5. The dotted line is the path of the moon's centre. The times are summer time

direct sunlight is still able to reach its surface from some parts of the Sun. However, there is a darkening of that part of the Moon which is immersed in the penumbra.

On October 5 the Moon will miss the dense umbra of the Earth's shadow, but will become deeply immersed in the penumbra, and the darkening of its upper limb should easily be seen. The moon first touches the edge of the penumbra at 11.46 p.m., but it will be perhaps an hour later before any noticeable darkening appears. The greatest eclipse is about 1.45, when the Moon's upper limb should show a distinct dark orange colour. Field-glasses will show the phenomenon better than the naked eye, which is apt to be dazzled by the bright light of the full Moon. The shadow will have passed completely from the Moon's face by 3.42 a.m.

DOG AND THE ENGINE

A Bark in the Night

A Dover reader sends us an interesting instance of a dog's intelligence in giving warning against danger in a new form.

A friend of mine, who is an owner of traction engines, had a spaniel chained in the yard where the engines are kept when they return to the sheds and have their fires banked up to burn slowly, so that steam may be raised early next morning.

One night my friend was disturbed by the continual barking of his dog. Several times he opened the window and told the dog to lie down, but could not quieten him in that way. So he dressed and went into the yard. Then he discovered that one of the engines was blowing off steam violently.

The dog had realised that something unusual was occurring which needed his master's attention.

RUSSIA'S WAR ON INTELLIGENCE

Brute Force Rampant

EXILING BRAINS TO NOVA ZEMBLA

There is still a remnant of people in this country who, with a pathetic misreading of facts, continue to sympathise with Soviet methods in Russia.

What do they think of the deliberate attempts to thrust all fair-minded intelligence out of Russia, with a tyranny worse than the most brutal ways of Tsardom?

What Russia needs more than anything else is intelligence, the scientific spirit, and calm fairness of mind. What her present rulers have done is to banish from their native land two hundred professors, authors, and thinkers.

The crime of these exiled men is that they are not blind fanatics, but have just the qualities of mind that Russia most needs.

To Soviet Russia intelligence seems dangerous. That is because it is dangerous to brutal tyranny. So the rulers of Russia try to get rid of it by transporting it outside Russia and the active world to Nova Zembla, the coldest, most remote, and least humanised place that Russia controls.

The most merciful destiny that Russia's secret tribunal allots to its thinkers who cannot possibly, through age or infirmities, be sent to Nova Zembla, is to put them across the frontier and give other nations the advantage of their intelligence.

That is Bolshevism in its own land—Bolshevism as bad as Tsardom.

WHAT IS A GENTLEMAN?

Gentle as a Woman, Manly as a Man

CARDINAL NEWMAN'S FINE ANSWER

An Old Wykehamist thinks that the motto of his school, Winchester, the oldest public school, suggests an answer: "Manners makyth man." This (says our correspondent) is but an abbreviation of "Manners make the gentleman: the want of them the common fellow."

Many of our readers will feel that manners alone do not supply all the qualities that should be found in the gentleman.

A Welsh reader thinks a definition may be given in a few words, which are that "a gentleman is a man as gentle as a woman and as manly as a man."

Another reader thinks a noble outline of the character of a gentleman is given by Cardinal Newman in this quotation.

A gentleman is one who never inflicts pain. He is mainly occupied in removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him.

He carefully avoids a jar or jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast, his great concern being to make everyone at his ease and at home. He is tender to the bashful and merciful to the absurd. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring.

He never defends himself by a mere retort. He has no ears for slander or gossip, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never insinuates evil which he dare not say out.

He observes the maxim of the ancient sage that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend.

We think our readers will agree that our question What is a gentleman? has been a happy one inasmuch as it has brought this quotation, worth thinking of at every point in it.

Pronunciations in This Paper

| | |
|---------------------|----------------|
| Aleutian | Ah-lu-shan |
| Chalcis | Kahl-kis |
| Exequatur | Eks-e-qway-tur |
| Kilauea | Ke-low-ay-ah |
| Kurile | Koo-ri-l |

NONSENSE ABOUT GORILLAS

FANCIFUL TALES OF THE AFRICAN FOREST

Giant Monkeys that Flee at the Sight of Man

THINGS THAT NEVER HAPPEN

One of the grown-up papers has published an amazing story of gorillas attacking and kidnapping women and children, and the C.N. takes leave to contradict it.

The story is that Mr. Howard Ross, Provincial Commissioner in the Southern Province of Sierra Leone, has discovered "a race of giant gorillas believed to have become extinct." The figures given as to measurements are such as to suggest that the specimens seen simply match many other gorillas observed and shot during the last twenty years. Therefore, while gorillas are not numerous, the big creatures of the tribe are by no means extinct, nor even supposed to be.

Tales of a Traveller

The more serious part of the statement, however, is to the effect that these gorillas have carried off and killed women and children on the Liberian frontier. A hunting party was organised, and three of the great apes were shot. The last sentence we fully accept, but we entirely doubt the remainder, and shall be surprised if Mr. Ross is not a little startled by the sensational details ascribed to the gorillas in the story.

There is nothing here to justify the assertion that the kidnapping was the work of gorillas, which are known not to carry off women and children. The story that they do these things is one of the savage legends which have been proved sheer nonsense by every traveller who has investigated them. Gorillas and human beings do not meet unless men go far from their own homes to seek out the monsters in the steaming twilight of their retreat.

Foolish Fables

Then the gorilla escapes if it can. It never stays to give battle unless its retreat is cut off or its young are imperilled. At such a moment it may seize a man, bite his hands or arms, and bolt. Nothing more shyly avoids man than the gorilla, and no traveller or scientist pays the least attention to the foolish romance declaring that this great, wild copy of man molests human creatures.

It is one of several such legends: of gorillas beating elephants to death with clubs, of gorillas jumping on to the backs of crocodiles and tearing the reptiles' jaws apart, of gorillas hanging in trees and seizing travellers as they pass below and hauling them up as captives to the branches of the gorilla home.

There is not a word of truth in the stories. They are part of the great body of fables in which the African mind delights. Such fables gave us Uncle Remus and Brer Rabbit, Brer Fox, Brer Bear, and the rest, delightful as fiction for children, but otherwise of no account. The gorilla stories told by the natives are just as fanciful, and no more true.

A BETTER USE OF THE ROADS

Clearing the Way

Some people are grumbling because £50,000 has been spent in counting up the different kinds of vehicles using different kinds of roads in the busiest parts of Britain; but whether it is waste or well-spent money depends on the use made of the information collected.

As a curiosity it would be ridiculously dear, but there is ample room for the use of £50,000 many times over if a better sorting out of traffic can be made, and roads be adapted better to vehicles quick and slow. If time is money the waste of it on crowded roads is enormous, and the dangers are not slight.

Whether the £50,000 is well or badly spent depends on whether it is leading up to some well-thought-out plan for a better use of the roads.

FLOODED FISH A HELPING HAND FOR FINNY FOUNDLINGS Calling Strayed Swimmers Home from the Fields WANDERERS GO TO BED BY MOTOR-CAR

Gangs of trained men are now at work from early morn till dewy eve on an errand of mercy which at first excites a smile. They are life-savers, but the objects of their exertions and hazards are orphaned fish, or, at any rate, fish whose parents have left them.

Every year the Mississippi overflows its banks and floods the valley lands far and near on both sides of its bed. Some rivers, doing the same thing, carry out great companies of alligators, then, receding, leave the reptiles ludicrously hung up in the wire fences of farm and ranch. The Mississippi, however, simply broadcasts its fish.

Seeking for Quiet

Perhaps many of the fish willingly follow the call of the current, for, of course, not nearly all go. Hosts of the river's little swimming folk are just ready to lay their eggs when the river is ready to burst into forbidden territory with its surplus burden. Such fish voluntarily adventure from the straight and narrow way in order to find quiet and seclusion for their offspring.

Now, it is one thing to float tranquilly forth from a flooded river into drowned lands, but it is quite another matter to return when the floods go down. Dry land appears here and there, leaving great disconnected lakes; these diminish into ponds, and ponds into mere pools, some communicating with others, the remainder isolated and continually lessening.

The same instinctive process which summoned the mother fishes from the river bed to lay their eggs abroad, summons most of them back again to the river when the waters begin to run low, but many remain and become prisoners. And all the baby fish arising from the myriads of eggs are there—victims of hot, vanishing waters, of snakes, birds, water animals, and of other fishes.

Fish Go for a Ride

It is to these, numbering scores and scores of millions, that the rescuers are throwing out the life-line, as it were. The life-line is really a series of nets, in which the hapless youngsters are caught. Some of the pools are big enough for flat-bottomed boats to be employed; in other cases the men don waders and march through the pools.

As the fish are caught they are placed in steel barrels, and, having been counted and classified, are trundled off home to the river in motor trucks. One period of which count was taken shows that 155 million fish were thus restored to the river: food fishes worth about £1,500,000, saved at a cost in labour and apparatus of £6000.

Ordinarily hundreds of millions of fishes would perish every year. They would not be wasted: they would be food for other forms of life.

Billions of Tadpoles

Such destruction is usual. Think what happens to the billions of tadpoles hatched every year in England. Three people once put 10,000 tadpoles into a little ornamental lake where fishes flourished. In less than a month not a tadpole remained, but the fishes were very plump and perky.

The difference between the Mississippi fish problem of today and that of a century ago is that a new parasite has grown up in the land, the greatest parasite of all. That is Man. He competes for the fish with the fish's other enemies, but he waits till the fry grows up. Then he, too, dines on fish. Meanwhile, he puts the little ones back into the river and waits.

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE



Gathered by

A Brixham boy has just been rescued from drowning for the ninth time.

Mr. F. Peel has raised 324 pounds of potatoes from a single pound at Ilkeston, in Derbyshire.

There is such a glut of apples in Bedfordshire that even the pigs have become tired of them.

A hawk has made a series of raids on pigeons at Hunslet, Leeds, and has carried off three birds in four days.

The official Russian rate of exchange is 10,000,000 paper roubles to the pound. Before the war it was 12 to the pound.

Record Musical Festival

The attendances at this year's Gloucester Musical Festival were the largest on record for two hundred years.

Cardinals in the Air

During a recent aviation meeting at Rome, Cardinals Tacci and Ranuzzi went up for short trips in aeroplanes.

A Heavy Air Parcel

A 450 horse-power aero-engine weighing half a ton was carried across the Channel in the cabin of an aeroplane the other day.

Jenny Lind's Brother

A brother of Jenny Lind, the famous singer, has just died, aged 73. He was 29 years younger than his sister, and never saw her.

A Motor Car Device

A new motor car fender is coming into vogue in America. When it strikes anything it automatically cuts off the ignition on the engine.

Skeletons in a Coalmine

Three human skeletons have been found in the Fatfield Colliery, near Chester-le-Street, in a part that has not been worked since 1760.

Ploughing Through a Wasp Nest

While some men were ploughing at Goudhurst, Kent, the ploughshare cut through a wasp nest. Hundreds of angry wasps sallied out and stung the men and horses badly.

Operation in a Liner

The Cunard liner Tyrhenia was delayed at Queenstown for a short time while a boy passenger was operated on for appendicitis. He was afterwards allowed to proceed with the ship.

Giant Aeroplane

Satisfactory trials have been made at Havre with a giant new aeroplane made of metal and weighing ten tons. The wings are 800 feet long, and there are four motors, totalling 1600 horse power.

When it was Dark

While the Rev. Henry Darke was preaching at Northampton Wesleyan Church an explosion occurred in the chamber containing the electric light cables, and the church was plunged into darkness.

A Mystery Poison Weed

Twenty-five sheep have been poisoned at Eastchurch, Kent, by a strange weed that has recently appeared in the district. A specimen has been sent to Wye Agricultural College for identification.

Monument to Don Quixote

A monument to Don Quixote is to be erected at Esquivias, in Spain. This and Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens, London, will be the two most famous statues of characters in fiction to be seen in the world.

Steeplejack's Remarkable Escape

A steeplejack fell ninety feet from Glasgow's tallest chimney into a tank of water, and was only slightly hurt. This escape was amazing, for the tank was protected by an iron grating and he fell between two of the bars.

Girl Swimmer Beats the Men

During a ten-mile swimming contest from Aylesford to Rochester, six men who were competing gave up owing to the coldness of the water. Three out of eight girls completed the course, one of them having only one leg. A girl competitor won the race.

STORY OF A DERBYSHIRE FARM HOW A BLINDFOLDED COW FOUND HER WAY The Extraordinary Unknown Sense in Animals

LIFE LAUGHS AT BLINKERS

There is not much sense in cows, yet one of these animals has achieved a performance that raises a problem beyond the understanding of the wisest men. How did Sukie find her way, blindfolded, back to her old home, five miles away?

The cow was bought at a Matlock farm, and driven straightway to her new pasture at Brackenfield, five miles distant. Next day she was found placidly chewing the cud in the old foldyard at Matlock.

It was a good story to talk over, but nothing exceptional, for many animals and many birds have done greater things in the same plane of instinctive intelligence. But, having driven their purchase to Brackenfield again, her new owners took the precaution of securely blindfolding her to prevent her playing truant again.

Sukie retained her eye-bands, but she retained also her home-love and her senses, and, blindfolded as she was, she walked unerringly back to Matlock.

We do not know how she did it. Though we begin to believe that animals have a special sense of movement, as we read not long ago, there is still an unfathomable mystery in the animal sense of direction. If we knew how Sukie walked from Brackenfield to Matlock we should be on the track of the marvel of the migration of birds from the Arctic to the Antarctic.

A Dog Finds Its Master

C.N. readers remember, no doubt, how, during the war, a little dog left in England by its owner got aboard a troop train, then aboard a transport, crossed the Channel, wandered about in France, and found the one man it was seeking in ten millions, its master, in the front line trenches.

It is the sort of sense which guides an untutored savage in the trackless desert or in the gloom of the virgin forest.

The turtle and the seal in the ocean, finding their way back to their nurseries, the salmon, going home after years at sea to the source of the river in which it was cradled, the eel swimming from an inland ditch two thousand miles out to sea to lay her eggs where she herself was born—these are all marvels. But the directing sense of the bats eclipses all, for when they are sightless they can fly, without collision, in a room strung with obstacles, with furniture, with barriers, with threads stretched in all directions. And when the number of threads is multiplied and the other barriers doubled, the bats contract their wings and dart through the narrowed ways like a shuttle in a loom.

There are still as many mysteries in heaven and on earth as when Hamlet criticised Horatio's philosophy.

VACUUM CLEANERS FOR THE STREETS

Interesting Proposal for Towns

It is being proposed that New York should be vacuum-cleaned. Instead of using brooms and shovels and sweeping-machines that stir up the dust and fill the air with germs, it is suggested that the streets should be treated in the same way as floors and carpets in houses, and have their dust drawn up through pipes into proper receptacles, avoiding the risks to health inseparable from the old-fashioned sweeping methods.

Compressed air is already supplied in New York through pipes from central depots, and there should be no serious difficulty in supplying a continuous system of vacuum service.

FAMOUS WRITER'S SLIP

First Catch Your Hare CURIOUS STORY OF A COOKERY BOOK

In a witty review of a new cookery book published in The Times the other day the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell made a curious slip and repeated an error that is constantly being made.

He said "Mrs. Glasse's Cookery Book, now very scarce, has secured a certain immortality by its one solitary joke about first catching your hare before proceeding to cook it."

This joke has become a classic of the language, but the real joke is that Mrs. Glasse never made it, nor does her Cookery Book say anything like it either in words or in meaning. What the author actually wrote was: "Take your hare when it is cased and make a pudding." To case means to skin, and another old word with the same meaning was scatch. People paraphrasing the directions in the book sometimes said "first scatch your hare," meaning remove the skin.

Curiously enough a correspondent, writing to The Times to correct Mr. Birrell, himself made a misquotation. He declared that "What the late Mrs. Glasse said, was: First scatch your hare." Of course, she no more said this than the other.

It is curious that Mrs. Hannah Glasse, whose Cookery Book was published in 1747, should live in the memory on account of a joke she never made.

Dr. Brewer, in his Dictionary of Phrase and Fable, says that the name was merely the pen-name of Dr. John Hill, and that he wrote the cookery book. That is not the case, and Mrs. Hannah Glasse was a real person, and actually wrote the book.

The strangest thing is that in a book written in Latin about 1220, by Henry de Bracton, occurs a sentence which, translated, reads like this: "And it is a common saying that it is best first to catch the stag and afterwards, when he has been caught, to skin him." That, however, was not in a cookery book, but in a law book, written by a judge.

NEW HOMES FOR HALF A MILLION PEOPLE

Result of Fifteen Months of Quiet Building

A SURPRISE ABOUT HOUSES

The last report of the British Director of Housing, for the Ministry of Health, is astonishing in a quiet way. It shows how unaware we often are of big things going on silently in our midst.

Two or three years ago we were all calling aloud for more houses. Many people were homeless, houses were dear, rents were high, and building was slow.

That outcry has almost subsided, and now we know why. Without any noise or public stir house-building has been going on in England faster than ever before, as the cost of houses has been falling. The materials have cost less, and those engaged in the work have done more work in the same time, so that now two houses can be built at the previous cost of one, and as quickly.

Before April, 1921, local authorities had built 22,058 houses by arrangement with the Government. But between then and July, 1922, 107,733 more houses were similarly built, with accommodation for more than half a million people.

These houses, too, are built more cheaply, and will thus let at less rent. A house that cost £813 in April, 1921, could be built in July, 1922, for £422.

Before the war the average number of houses built each year was 60,000. The yearly average of building is now about 80 per cent. higher than the number built before the war; it has never been so high in the history of the country.

THE NATION THAT WAS NEVER BORN PICTURE PLAY FALSE TO HISTORY

Facts to Remember when
Seeing the Films

SHOULD THE KINEMA MOCK THE TRUTH?

All who love truth are anxious that the truth about the war should be made plain before the world, and we should be as anxious to tell the truth about other countries as about our own.

Especially we should be careful, when the attitude of America is so vital to humanity, not to misrepresent the true place of the United States in the world, and it is right that a protest should be made against the misrepresentation in this country of some of the most important facts of America's history.

There is now being shown a picture-play called "The Birth of a Nation." It is one of the most wonderful things ever seen on the kinema. We are told of the thousands of people who figure in it, of the hundred thousand pounds the play cost to produce, and we are led to believe that the play is a piece of history.

True Chivalry

But the play is not in spirit true, and the impression it leaves on those who see it and believe it is false to history, false to the United States, and false to the great beating heart of humanity that brought millions of Africans out of slavery into liberty. We owe it to America to remember that she fought and suffered for liberty long ago.

The whole play conveys an impression historically inaccurate. We are supposed to be seeing the birth of a nation, but such a nation as we see was never born.

The story deals with the long and terrible war between North and South; it shows us the South as gay, courageous, chivalrous, and self-sacrificing, while the North strides remorselessly to victory through the blood of their slaughtered countrymen. It is true that the South was brave and gay and courageous, and it is true that the North was not gay, but the North was braver and more enduring and a million times more chivalrous in purpose than the South.

A Fight to Free the Slaves

The South fought to withdraw from the Union, to be free to retain in bondage four million slaves. The North could make the South free the slaves if the South stayed in the Union, and she fought to prevent the South from breaking away from the Union to continue her slave labour. The North fought for humanity; the South fought for the possession of 800 million pounds' worth of black flesh and blood, and, by a monstrous abuse of words, called her cause Liberty.

The story in this picture-play implies that the men and women of the South were martyrs in a good cause, whereas the truth is that they were brave victims of the unworthiest cause for which civilised people ever fought.

Hundreds of thousands of men of the North died, as Lincoln said, that the nation should, "under God, have a new birth of freedom." That freedom it could not have had had the South won.

Teaching the Truth

And it was not, as the play suggests, the work of the Ku Klux Klan in the Southern States that helped after the war to bring about a united nation. Ku Klux Klan was a secret society, and such frightful crimes were perpetrated in its name that the Government had to stamp it out.

There would be nothing but admiration for this picture-spectacle if it were given to the world as only a story; but as long as it is shown as history it would be wise for those who let their children see it to give them the facts before they go. It is a pity that when we have taken the trouble to teach the truth at school children should be free to go across the road and see truth mocked like this.

PIERCING A VOLCANO

Drilling Holes in the
Walls of a Crater
DARING EXPERIMENT IN HAWAII

Scientists are as brave as soldiers in carrying on their work and adding to the sum total of human knowledge.

Some daring experiments are to be carried out in Hawaii, where the vast active volcano of Kilauea offers opportunities such as are to be found in few other places in the world.

Borings are to be made in the walls of the crater, the drilled holes varying from fifty to two hundred feet in depth. The temperature will be taken at various depths, the various escaping gases examined and analysed, and other data carefully recorded.

There will be some risk in making these borings, and the engineering problems to be overcome are not light. One of the greatest difficulties will be to prevent the formation of steam from the water used with the drilling implements. The heat of the volcano's crust will lead to this unless some means of preventing it are found.

There has been much talk in recent years about the possibility of using volcanic power and heat for industrial purposes, and those interested in the matter will watch closely the results obtained with Kilauea. See *World Map*

BEAVER MENACE

Huge Damage from Floods

Beavers are clever and interesting animals, but they are a great pest in the State of Washington, in North America, where, by damming ditches, they have caused floods and done much damage to valuable and costly irrigation works.

So serious has the menace become that the authorities, although in the ordinary way they protect the beaver, have in Washington State withdrawn this protection and given trappers the right to catch the animals.

This the trappers are only too ready to do, as beaver pelts fetch a good price today, the animal being very scarce compared with what it was years ago.

In most of the States of America the animal was practically extinct, but Washington was an area in which the beaver flourished, and it is a pity that the habits of so interesting a creature make it an impossible dweller in a settled country. See *World Map*

BEATING SWORDS INTO PLOUGHSHARES

High Explosives for the Farmers

We have heard so much about beating swords into ploughshares that it is refreshing to learn by the latest news from the United States that the modern version of the old saying is actually in progress over there.

Through the Department of Agriculture the Government is distributing, free to the farmers, vast quantities of high explosives manufactured for the Great War.

Since last autumn over three million pounds of picric acid have been disposed of in this manner. In one State 3511 farmers have used 774,000 pounds in clearing 35,000 acres, at a total saving to themselves of over 70,000 dollars.

Picric acid is specially favoured as it is comparatively safe to use, and will keep indefinitely. Would that Ireland and Greece would follow this example!

WORLD'S LARGEST SAILING SHIP

A Danish Monster

Making its maiden trip round the world is a five-masted, barque-rigged sailing ship, as large as many ocean-going liners. It is 430 feet long and carries fifty thousand square feet of canvas. The vessel is Danish, and is called the Copenhagen.

The big freight-carrying sailing ship has not yet been driven from the seas!

A POCKET FIRE Chemistry Surprises a Birthday Party BOYS, TAKE WARNING

A London schoolmaster sends us a warning that we are glad to circulate, and that boys with pockets full of curious things ought to be glad to read and understand, and so save themselves from injurious surprises.

A short time ago at a merry birthday party one of the guests suddenly found himself emitting a shower of sparks. The place of origin was his coat-pocket. Everybody laughed, and thought it was a well-contrived joke. But it was not. That was proved by a burned jacket, chair, carpet, and hand.

Investigation showed that the guest had in his pocket a packet of potash tablets. Also he had there a box of safety matches. Now, a safety match is coated with potassium chlorate, and it strikes when it is rubbed against phosphorus painted on the box surface.

But potash tablets are made of potassium chlorate, and so they, too, are likely to strike on a safety matchbox. And this is what they had done. Some of them had escaped from their packet and were loose in the jacket pocket, ready to make a fireworks display if they rubbed against the matchbox.

The warning, then, is that if you must carry a safety matchbox be careful what else you carry in the same pocket. Mind it is not potash tablets for a sore throat, or you may "go off" unawares in a private fireworks display.

KILLED BY FLIES AND IGNORANCE

A Child's Sad Fate

By Our Medical Correspondent

Nowadays it is not big wild beasts—mammoths and tigers—that mankind has most to fear, but tiny creatures such as flies and bacteria, and the foolish wild beast known as ignorance!

Every year in England thousands of infants are trampled to death under the dirty little feet of flies simply because people are too ignorant or too careless to take sensible precautions.

Flies, as we all know, are inclined to frequent filth, and, after having walked about in filth and collected microbes on their feet, they settle on food and infect and poison it, and then children eat the food and die.

This summer, because many of the flies were drowned by the rain of July, the death-rate among infants has been much lower than usual; but still many deaths have been due to fly-poisoning. One death from this cause not long ago was specially instructive, for, not only was the death due to food contaminated by flies, but the doctor who gave evidence at the inquest stated that the child was less able to resist the disease because it had had too much to eat.

The child was only two years old, yet the day before it became ill it had eaten, besides a lot of bread-and-butter, fried bacon, two jam tarts, potatoes, carrots, Yorkshire pudding, fat beef dripping, lettuce, and cold boiled bacon fat. So that it might be said to have been the victim of flies and ignorance.

BIRDS THAT SAVE LIVES A New Cage for Them

Canaries, as is well known, are so sensitive to atmosphere that they are used whenever a rescue party has to be sent down a coal mine to detect escapes of poisonous gas.

There is an idea prevailing that the birds are killed by the effects of the gas. But this is not so, great care being taken after the canaries are overcome by the fumes to restore them.

For this purpose a new cage has been devised with bars on only one side, and by closing a glass door over this the cage is made air-tight, and oxygen can be introduced from a little cylinder until the birds have recovered.

NEW YORK'S BIG AQUEDUCT ANOTHER SURPRISE FOR RIP VAN WINKLE

Taking a River Through a
Mountain Range

LONGEST TUNNEL IN AMERICA

The wonderful system by which New York obtains its water supply from the Catskill Mountains, the scene of the sleep of Rip Van Winkle, is being extended, so that the city's water supply will be doubled.

This means that 600 million gallons of water will find their way daily from the scenes of Rip Van Winkle's wonderful adventure into the midst of a civilisation such as the quaint old man who slept for twenty years could not have imagined.

To bring the water from the Catskills to New York a great aqueduct had to be built, a task which involved many great engineering feats.

Holding up 130,000 Million Gallons

A huge dam was built across the Esopus River to form the great Ashokan Reservoir, capable of holding about 130,000 million gallons of water. The course onward to New York, more than a hundred miles away, was a very difficult one, for, besides many other natural barriers, several rivers stood in the way, and to take the water beneath two of these a tunnel four and a half miles long had to be constructed many feet beneath the bed of each.

To cross the Hudson River a shaft 1200 feet deep had to be sunk on each bank and joined by a tunnel over 3000 feet long. A huge tunnel seventeen and a half miles long then had to be made to take the water first beneath the Harlem River, then under the complete length of Manhattan Island, under the East River, and so to Brooklyn. Yet another tunnel was made to take the water under the Narrows to Staten Island.

This is the system that has been in use for some time now, and, though New York has as much water as it needs, such a rapidly-growing city must look to the future and be prepared.

Piercing the Mountains

The new scheme calls for the feeding of the Esopus River, which itself feeds the great Ashokan Reservoir by emptying the Schoharie Creek into it. To do this the Gilboa Dam is being constructed, which will, in effect, reverse the flow of the Schoharie and also form a reservoir capable of holding twenty thousand million gallons of water. In flood time, however, water will rush over the dam at the rate of 600 million gallons a day, for there are several smaller creeks from among the Catskills which feed the Schoharie.

This water is to be led to a tunnel which is now being excavated beneath the Shandaken Mountains to the Esopus River, and which, when completed, will be over eighteen miles long—one of the longest tunnels in the world.

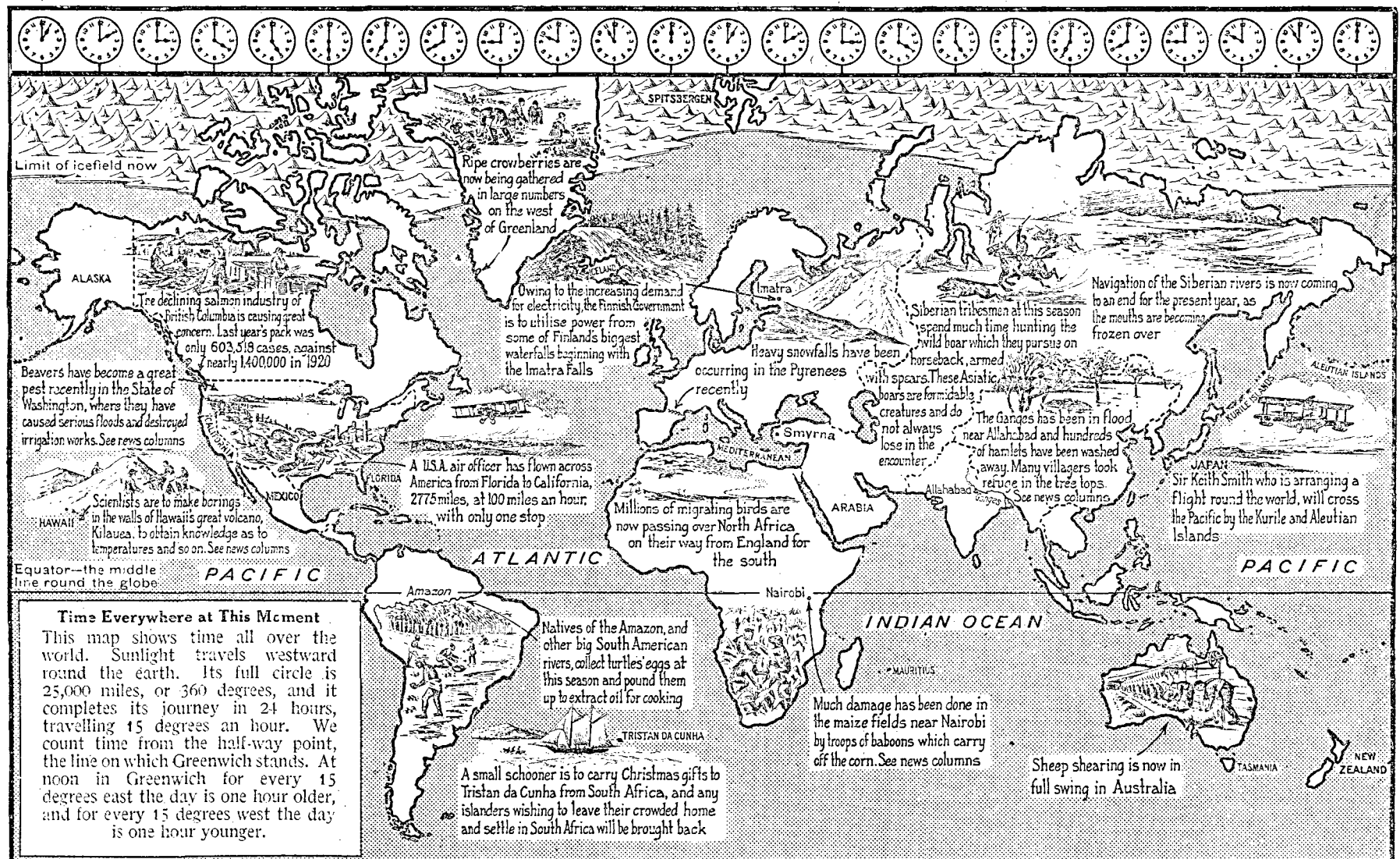
If Rip Van Winkle Could Wake Up

To get to work on the tunnel a series of shafts had to be sunk from valleys in the mountain chain, and when the desired depth was reached excavation of the actual tunnel began.

Although in flood-time 600 million gallons of water will pass through the tunnel each day to the Esopus River, at other times the tunnel will be only partly filled, but giant reservoirs, including that at Ashokan, will hold the water, and so the supply for New York will be controlled as needed.

What would old Rip Van Winkle say if his sleep of twenty years had taken place in our time, and he awoke to see these great works in the Catskills?

PICTURE-NEWS AND TIME MAP SHOWING EVENTS ALL OVER THE WORLD



ODD EVENT ON THREE SHIPS Suffocation of Millions of Apples

When three cargoes of Australian apples arrived in the London docks not long ago, millions of the apples were found to have been destroyed by the disease called brown-heart; and experts have stated that the disease was due to suffocation of the apples by carbon dioxide breathed out by the apples themselves when shut up in the ship.

The diagnosis of the experts is exceedingly interesting, for most people have no idea that apples can be suffocated, and least of all that they can be suffocated by the very gas that the apple-trees feed on, and the very gas out of which the tissues of apples are made.

But carbon dioxide is not available as food unless there is sunshine and chlorophyll to break it up; and, of course, living plants need oxygen to breathe as well as carbon dioxide to eat.

How the suffocation caused brown-heart is another matter. It seems probable that the suffocated apples were rendered less resistant to germs, and that the actual cause of the brown-heart was the attack on the apples by germs which the apples could have resisted if they had not been suffocated.

BATHS FOR MOTOR-CARS Saving Time in the Garage

Motor owners in the United States are saved a lot of trouble in cleaning their cars by the use of a kind of swimming bath attached to some garages.

The bath is circular and slightly hollowed out, and the bottom is ridged to shake the cars when they are driven round and round, so that the dirt and mud can be shaken off.

It is said that a large car can be made clean in three minutes in the bath.

FROM A LIVING TOMB A Splendid Rescue

For thirty hours three miners were entrapped by a fall of stone in the Washington Colliery, near Newcastle.

There, cold and hungry, they sat in the pitch darkness, and must often have feared that their prison would be their tomb. But comrades were working like Trojans to save the lives of the buried men. Hour after hour, night and day, they pried their pickaxes and shovels, and actually drove through the solid rock a tunnel ninety feet long and two feet square.

So do men toil to save the lives of their fellow men.

Think what the three miners must have felt when they at last heard the picks hacking at the fallen rock! Think what they must have felt when they saw the lamplight shining through the dark, and grasped the hands of their brave rescuers!

JUSTICE TO GRIMSBY And a Note on the Halibut

A courteous Grimsby reader thinks we are almost as far off from doing justice to Grimsby as the grown-up papers, so he gives us some facts.

The Grimsby fishing industry maintains over 600 steam trawlers and liners, which employ over 6000 fishermen and many thousands of other workers.

Nearly 500 tons of fish are landed daily, and the fish-market is a mile and a half long. Over 3000 tons of fish are sent every week to all parts of the country—to every city and town and almost every village.

What made our correspondent write was that we treated a 12-stone halibut as a big fish in an article.

But, says our correspondent, though a 12-stone halibut is a good fish, it is so common at Grimsby that nobody thinks it worth mentioning. The record for a Grimsby halibut is 25 stone

THE THIEVES THAT CAME IN THE NIGHT Surprise for the Farmers in Kenya Colony

The farmers in the neighbourhood of Nairobi, the capital of Kenya Colony, were very angry because, while they were asleep, thieves came and stole their corn and other produce.

The police were informed and tried to detect the robbers, but without success. None of the suspicious characters of the district seemed to go near the farms, yet the losses increased, and at last it was decided to set a watch until the thieves were caught in the act.

The watchers concealed themselves, and at last their vigil was rewarded. The thieves appeared among the corn, but, when the men rushed forward to seize the offenders, they found that they were not human thieves at all, but a troop of baboons that were evidently acting under the orders of an old baboon, who led his followers out of danger with much skill.

These monkeys are great pests in South Africa, and in some parts they even enter houses in order to steal.

The housewives have to watch their sheets and clothes very carefully on washing days as the baboons often come and try to carry these off from the clothes-lines when they are hanging out to dry or air in the sun.

It is not easy to get rid of the nuisance, for monkeys are very daring and are not easily frightened. See World Map

Last Month's Weather

| LONDON | RAINFALL |
|--------------------------|---------------------------|
| Hours of sun . . . 127.7 | London . . . ins. 2.54 |
| Hours of rain . . . 38.4 | Torquay . . . ins. 3.16 |
| Wet days . . . 16 | Newcastle . . . ins. 2.62 |
| Dry days . . . 15 | Cardiff . . . ins. 4.16 |
| Warmest day . . . 27th | Fort William ins. 4.63 |
| Coldest day . . . 26th | Dublin . . . ins. 4.23 |

EATING TO LIVE How Many Meals a Day Should We Take?

By Our Medical Correspondent

A woman has lately died who for many years had lived on one light meal a day, and some people thereupon jumped to the conclusion that one meal a day is sufficient for everybody.

But that is a rash and foolish conclusion. Even as there are big motor-cars of great horse power and little motor-cars of small horse power, so there are big people of great man power and little people of small man power; and even as big motor-cars of big horse power require more petrol than little motor-cars of small horse power, so big people of great man power require more food than little people of small power.

We all have different capacities for developing and using power, and require and can utilise different amounts of food. It is ridiculous to compare a little weak woman with a strong man.

A light meal once a day is not enough for us all; and though a big meal once a day might be enough, it would overload the digestive organs. The plan of taking food at intervals is best.

THE CHANGE OF TWO GENERATIONS First New Zealand Immigrant Still Alive

Probably many people fail to remember how comparatively recent is the populating by white people of the beautiful islands of New Zealand.

A reader of the C.N. mentions that his aunt, who went out in the first emigrant ship six years before New Zealand had any form of representative government, is still alive, and is living there.

Her New Zealand experience covers 74 years. She arrived at Otago in 1848, and her marriage there, in 1854, was the first marriage of Europeans in the district. The progress of New Zealand, it is worth remembering, is only the work of two generations.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

SEPTEMBER 30 1922

I Will be an Englishman

A GERMAN ship with over 550 souls aboard was sinking, swamped by heavy seas, off the north western coast of Spain.

Wild and high rose the clamour of the terrified passengers, many of them emigrants who had just started hopefully for the New World beyond the Atlantic. Some hastened to meet death by leaping madly into the raging waters before the S.O.S. call brought merciful ships to the rescue.

But in the midst of this agitating scene, one man at least was calm, practical, helpful. All who saw him bear witness to that. So impressed were they by it that they rushed to say it when they were nearly all brought safely to land by the heroism and seamanship of the crews of British ships that answered the despairing call, "We are sinking!"

That man, who stamped his character on the minds of the terrified crowd, was an Englishman, William Jubb, a Yorkshireman of Barnsley. He was the only Englishman on the ship, and what he said of it all afterwards was, "I made sure I was going down, and I said to myself, *I will be an Englishman.*" What he did was to busy himself calmly in that wild scene by helping the women and children. "I don't know what we should have done without him," said one of the women.

Is it not splendid? "I will be an Englishman," the last resolve of a great-hearted man face to face with death. But for every one of us it may be equally splendid if said with the same sincerity, *face to face with life.*

What does it mean to be a true Englishman, living or dying? On the sinking ship *Hammonia* it meant steadfast courage and calm strength in order to be helpful to others in the short time left for being anything on Earth. It meant forgetfulness of that greedy idea of Self which pesters and spoils the lives of so many of us. It meant that the bigness of a true man is seen in what he gives. That Englishman was willing to give finally his thought, his effort, and his whole self in sympathy for others, strangers to him, but members of the world's big family.

It is magnificent personally; but is it not more magnificent nationally? An Englishman! The swift surrender of self, the stern command of nerves, the proud decision to prove worthy and to act so that all might feel "This was a man," came like a flash because it is *what the idea of England demands.*

Only a great land could inspire that feeling. And how infinitely better our England would be if all of us could feel that thrill of her worthiness and what she means to the world, and could respond ourselves, in ordinary dull times as well as in crises, and be the Englishmen we ought to be.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London

above the hidden waters of the ancient River Fleet, the cradle of the Journalism of the world



Sweet Peas

WHILE the sweet peas are still with us it is good to read this sweet memory of an English home which a French girl sends to us.

I am posting a sweet pea to you and some jasmine. The pea is rather nice, but sweet peas are only fine in England.

I remember them so huge and healthy in big silver vases under lavender on the breakfast table on Sunday mornings at my friend's house. It was too sweet for words, and, sitting by the side of a dear old Spanish lady, wonderfully clever and kind, and looking at the tender pink and pale blue of the flowers, I was so happy for a moment.

It is my best remembrance of England—the family table on Sunday morning in a house bright with flowers and with kindness—a Daddy and his happy children near him, and the mother beautifully holding her place, the first place in each heart, the spirit of everything—and with such a wonderful power over the garden.

"Then I began to love England," says our friend, "and I will go on loving her for ever." As for us, we will go on loving France.

Alderman Whittaker Finds His Handkerchief

MEMORY is one of the oddest of human powers. It exists in patches—here a bit, and there a bit, while what happened between is lost.

Here is a strange patch. Forty years ago Alderman Whittaker, now Deputy Mayor of Halifax, was a restless boy in the Ebenezer Primitive Methodist Chapel in that town, and passed a weary minute in poking his handkerchief down a hole. Presently he found the amusement had gone too far. He could not pull the handkerchief back, and went home without it.

What happened then we do not know, but he never forgot his handkerchief. The chapel has just been pulled down, and the mindful alderman appealed to the contractor to rescue the vanished handkerchief, if he could.

The contractor has been able to do so, and has returned it to its once disconsolate owner, with a note wondering *how he has managed to do without it for so many years.*

Evidently the contractor's wit is as lively as the alderman's memory. It is a jolly world.

Nobly Said

KING GEORGE has given us fresh cause "to sing with heart and voice" a prayer for his welfare. He has enrolled himself among the outspoken haters of war.

Very suitably his confession of faith comes in a reply to a message from the Free Church Council, in which he says he feels it to be the duty of the Churches to declare their faith that "the only warfare worth waging is against those evils which throughout history have brought upon nations the horrors of war."

That is nobly said, and in the name of the children of our land we thank the King for saying it.

The Mad Motor Men

WE are glad to see that men are being sent to prison in London, without the chance of a fine, for drunken driving in the streets. The lives of children are too precious to allow a drunkard to throw away.

We notice, however, that a drunken manufacturer in Derbyshire, who ran into a troop of Boy Scouts, was let off with a fine. It seems a pity that it should be possible for a rich man to run down a troop of Boy Scouts with a motor-car and get off by paying a few pounds—a very cheap amusement for the rich man, but too terrible for the Scouts and the nation to endure.

Tip-Cat

IN Germany everybody is giving or taking lessons. That will soon be about all there is left to give or take.

PADEREWSKI is giving up politics. He is too fond of harmony.

MR. FORD is talking of a new coinage. It will be all right if it is like his cars, going a long way, but not too fast.

SOMEBODY has found a happy man, and he is an author. Life may be all wrong with others, but it is all write with him.



PETER PUCK WANTS TO KNOW

If a Prime Minister is ever past his prime

But she has had too much out of her worst.

SEVERAL civil servants have been dismissed lately. Once they were only dismissed when they were uncivil.

Our Pavements

ONE is glad that the Kingston magistrates let off an unemployed man who chalked advertisements on the pavements, for evidently he did not know he was doing wrong, and, besides, all hearts ought to be soft toward the unemployed.

But it should be clearly known that defacing the pavement with advertisements is disgraceful and illegal. It is properly illegal, as it thrusts upon the public in an unseemly way notices for which the public has not let or lent its pavements, and which may even be annoying to some of the citizen owners of the pavement.

Let us keep our pavements clean and free from all offence

The Sand Heap

By Our Country Girl in Town

ALL round our part of Knightsbridge the tar comes creeping like a sticky flood. It has not yet reached our natty street, but it will be here tomorrow, for there are little heaps of sand dumped at intervals down the road to be spread after spraying.

There is one heap just across the way. Some children have discovered it. They are quite respectable little children, not ragged, but patched and darned, and as clean as can be expected. Yet they are children who have always had to "make do;" their dolls have been knotted handkerchiefs, their carts have been cardboard boxes trailed by a bootlace, and now their seashore is a heap of sand.

Anger on a Doorstep

They are digging in it with their hands, they are patting it into castles; they are scrambling and rolling on it; they are making a great deal of noise.

Suddenly someone flings open the door of the opposite house. A woman bursts out. She has been trying to read or write or rest her headache in that mysterious room behind the jolly curtains and the vase of Iceland poppies. Those shrill voices have nearly driven her frantic; she cannot bear it another minute. She is trembling with irritation.

But she stops on the second step, she gazes at the castle-builders a minute; now she turns back, and the door closes quite gently.

Perhaps she also has to "make do;" nearly everyone does. Some of us would like to see the wide, beautiful, strange world from the Nile to the Rockies; but we can only save up for a week-end in France. Some of us would like to pull down the slums, and endow universities, and remodel the State so that there might be less suffering and injustice in the world; but we must be content with putting a few coppers in a hospital box and helping an old woman to carry her basket.

The Valiant Laughter

At times, perhaps, we may feel tempted to fall into the weakness of self-pity, forgetting to be thankful that God gave us imagination and our forebears left us the art of printing. For are not books and imagination the two great consolations?

If we forget to be thankful for these, that is the moment to recall the valiant laughter of children who can turn a heap of sand in the gutter to rocks and cliffs, sea-pinks, samphire, gulls, stinging breezes, hard-ribbed sands, starfish, sunset shells, weed-grown spars, the splash and shine of breaking waves, sails and threads of smoke, and the sea going on for ever until it gets to Heaven.

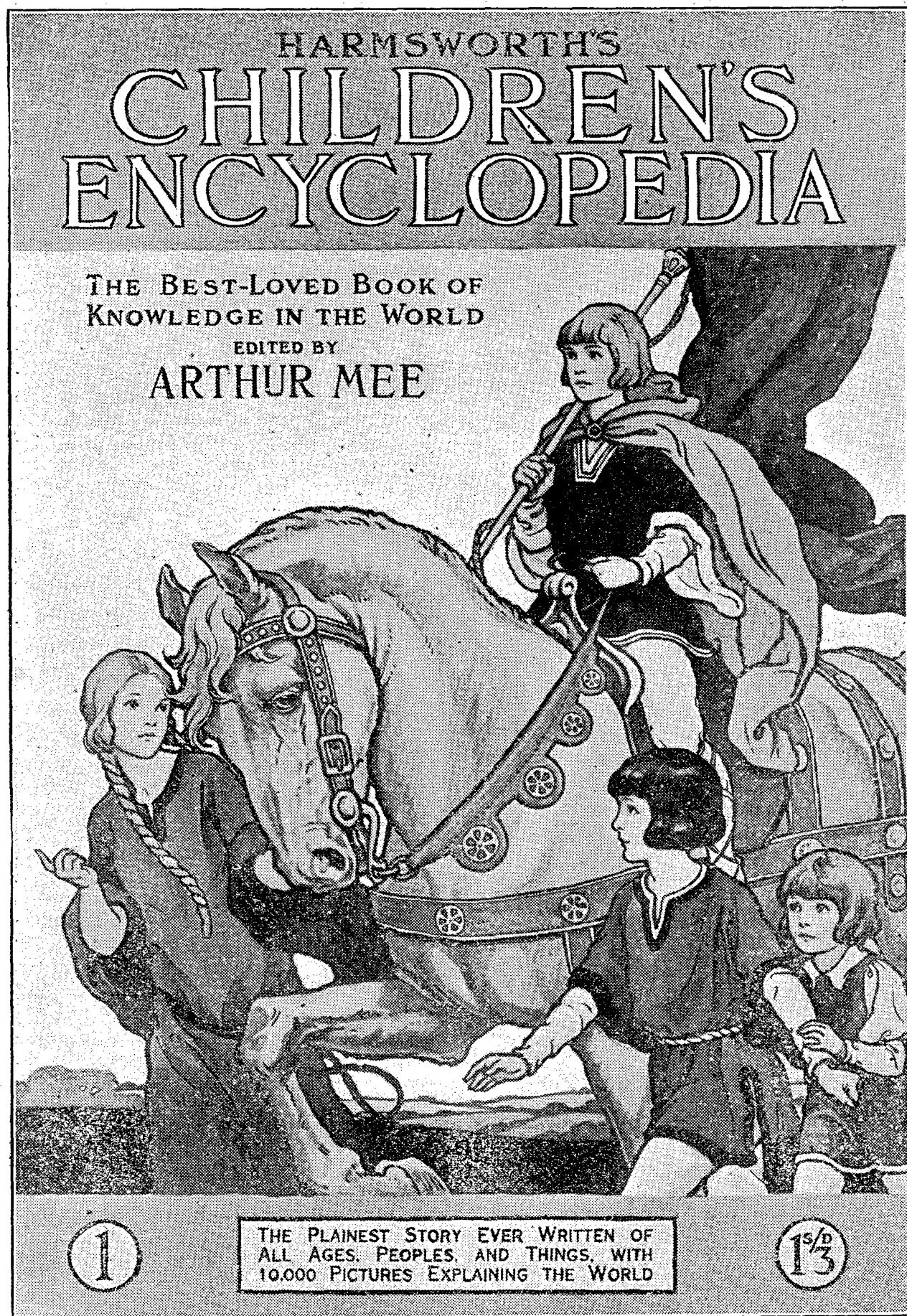
An Exceeding Great Reward

Poetry has been to me its own exceeding great reward: it has given me the habit of wishing to discover the good and beautiful in all that meets and surrounds me.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

The Children's Newspaper

The Greatest School-Book Since the World Began



Everything Explained In

ONE THOUSAND CHAPTERS TEN THOUSAND PICTURES

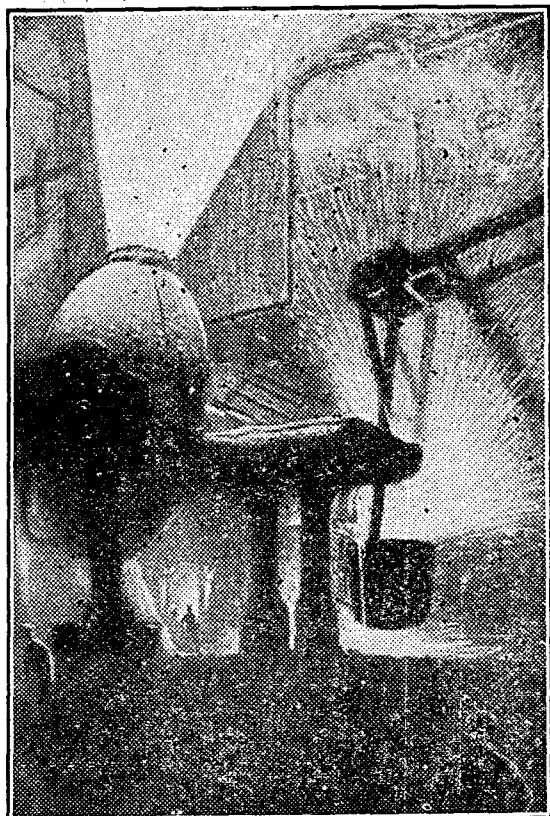
The Priceless Book of Everything Cheap Enough For Every Child

Thousands of Things in Colour and Photogravure

AND THE STORY OF EVERYTHING UNDER THE SUN

PART 1 ON SALE OCTOBER 12

The Most Wonderful Book in the World



Iron in the roaring furnaces

ON the Twelfth of October will begin to appear the only book in the world bringing the story of everything within the grasp of a child.

In the office of the CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER Arthur Mee sits making this new thing, and soon it will be travelling to the ends of the Earth. It will knock at the door of hundreds of thousands of homes in many lands and be welcomed like an old friend who has come back new, for this book is the greatest children's book in the world. It has won for itself the affection of millions of people, young and old, and has established a fame that will not pass away.

It is the best-loved book of knowledge in the world—the famous Children's Encyclopedia

In 800,000 Homes and Schools

In every land where the Bible goes you find this book. In 800,000 homes and schools children are being taught from it. You will find it on all the five continents; it is printed in five languages. A Government Committee on Education says it is excellent beyond all recommendation.

Why? Why has the greatest education authority in the world ordered 2000 copies of this great work? Why do children in the Australian Bush go to school before time to get a peep at it? Why has the Editor received fifty thousand letters concerning it? Why does a schoolmaster write: "I do not need a cane now. The Children's Encyclopedia alters everything"?

The answer is that there has never been a book like this before.

The Plainest Book Ever Written

It is the plainest story ever told of all peoples, ages, and things, and every page speaks like a picture of the wonder of the

world. Old men pick it up and feel like boys again. Fathers give it to their boys when the boys start asking questions. Mothers read its tales and rhymes to their little ones, and hum its musical songs. The governess uses it as her big lesson book. The children take it to bed at home, and ask for it at school.

And there can be no wonder that it is so, for never had a book a greater tale to tell. Think of it—the tale of a Cloud of Fire and all that came out of it! There is no adventure like it anywhere, and it is all here, in Seventeen Marvellous Divisions.

The boy who knows these Seventeen Stories will be fit to make his way in any career he likes; the girl who fills her mind with them will never know what dullness is.

Run through these stories in a minute, through 17 of the divisions of this book.

ONCE upon a time there was a cloud of fire, and out of it came the Earth.

THE Earth became alive, and plants crept over it.

NATURE'S marvellous family of animals appears, crowned at last by Man.

MAN roams all over the Earth, and settles down in a hundred races and nations.

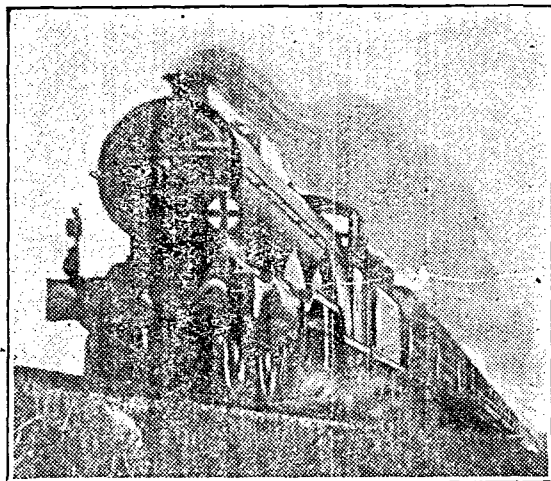
HE marches on from barbarism to civilisation, fighting beasts and conquering them, writing books, making pictures, carving statues, and inventing things.

HE magnifies his powers beyond all dreams, till he can see farther than Nature made him see, can send his engines into the sky, and can fling his voice across the Earth.

SLOWLY, certainly, with stern-set face and dauntless resolution, Man marches to the mastery of the Earth.

6000 Years of Thinking and Doing

That is the tale we have to tell, and here it is told in the plainest book that men have ever written. It is edited by the man who ought to edit it—Arthur Mee, whose name is a household word wherever there are children or those who love children. Parents and teachers know well that they can trust Arthur Mee; that his name stands for safety, sanity, and high endeavour; that papers edited by him can be given to children without the least misgiving. And the book is written as we should expect it to be written, with the glow of a big heart, the thrill of a vivid



Full speed ahead

imagination, the love of knowledge and noble things, and the spirit of a great adventure that children and grown-ups love.

It has in it the results of 6000 years of thinking and searching and inventing.

Standing at the gates of knowledge, eager, ready, able to learn, at the golden age when learning is entrancing, the children wait for the opening of the gate of the Enchanted Kingdom. Here is the key.

The Children at the Gate of the World

Fascinating as a fairy tale, astonishing and thrilling beyond dreams, with an untold store of surprises and a treasury of marvels that can never be exhausted, the world lies before all who are young.

What are they thinking of it all, these millions of children? They are the next generation that has to save the world; what we have to do is to save them.

They come into a busy and romantic world, where every hour of their lives thrills with some new wonder. They cover the universe with their endless questionings. They fathom the utmost depths of knowledge. Who can answer their questions? Science tells us that if men and women could acquire knowledge and qualities as easily as children the world would be transformed.

Nothing is more amazing than the fact that no child is taught its mother tongue; it speaks its own language without a lesson. So, if knowledge is put in their way, children will pick it up. They will turn it into character and inspiration, and with it they will conquer kingdoms, destroy iniquity, and bring about millenniums.

Give the children of the world their Children's Encyclopedia and the question of the next war will settle itself. War will not be.

Wait for C

The GREAT BOOK is making to Ex

EVERY CHILD'S GUI

WITH 10,00

And a World Atlas wit

These are the Nineteen D Encyclopedia. Every Stu goes on until it ends. Th alphabet brings yc

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Everything Under the Sun for C.N. Readers

Ready for C.N. Readers on October 12

October 12

ARTHUR MEE
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October 12

Not a Dull Alphabet of Facts

The Children's Encyclopedia is not an Alphabet of Facts. It has not come to steal away the joy of childhood and put the bitter grinding of an alphabetical encyclopedia in its place.

An alphabetical encyclopedia is a useless torture for a child; he does not want a book which leads him on from Baking Powder to Balbao, from Sal volatile to Shrimps and Sunshine. He wants to see the unity and sympathy of things.

An alphabetical encyclopedia is for the busy man who wants his facts at his finger ends, but a dictionary of facts is an affliction that will damage the mind of a child.

We must educate children by drawing them out, stirring their minds, quickening their senses, and filling them with the wonder of their marvellous journey through the world. They must see the story whole, and not in bits.

Book that Fascinates and Educates

The Children's Encyclopedia looks out upon the World and sees the wonder of a common thing. It looks back into the Past and sees the things that were making the Present; it looks out upon the Present and sees the things that are making the Future; it looks out into the Future with faith and hope. It is a book with a heart in it, a book with a soul behind it, a book with a vision before it.

It fascinates and educates. It is the plainest system of knowledge that has ever been devised, arranged so that a child can understand it. Every division of knowledge is treated in every part, and there is no waiting. Whatever you want is here.

If you want a poem or a rhyme, here are

thousands of them. If you want a great life-story, here are a thousand more. If you want the lives of animals, here are still a thousand more. If you want to understand a machine or a process, or the making of some familiar thing, here are pictures showing how things work. There has never been such a picture-book as this. It is the

Matchless Picture-Book of the World

Its pictures are superb, and almost countless if we reckon the amazing little drawings all over the maps. There are thousands and thousands of things in colour; the colour work alone has probably never been equalled in any book of our time.

If you want a British butterfly here is the only book you will find with the egg, the caterpillar, the chrysalis, and the butterfly, all in their full colours. Every British butterfly is treated like that.

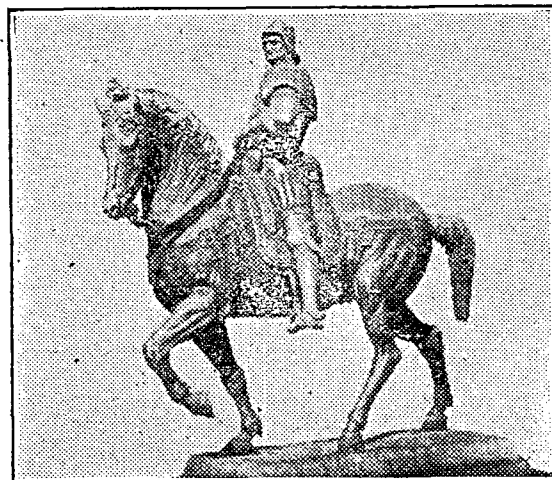
There are trains and ships in colour, and about a thousand flags. There are famous paintings and statues and costumes of all ages. There are thousands of birds and flowers and insects, trees and eggs, reptiles and fishes and shells. There are berries and grasses and ferns, vases and minerals and tapestries. There is the colour of old empires, the colour of Nature, the colour from the world's great galleries, and the world's old books.

Children love colour, but neither children nor grown-ups have ever yet held in their hands a book with colour such as this.

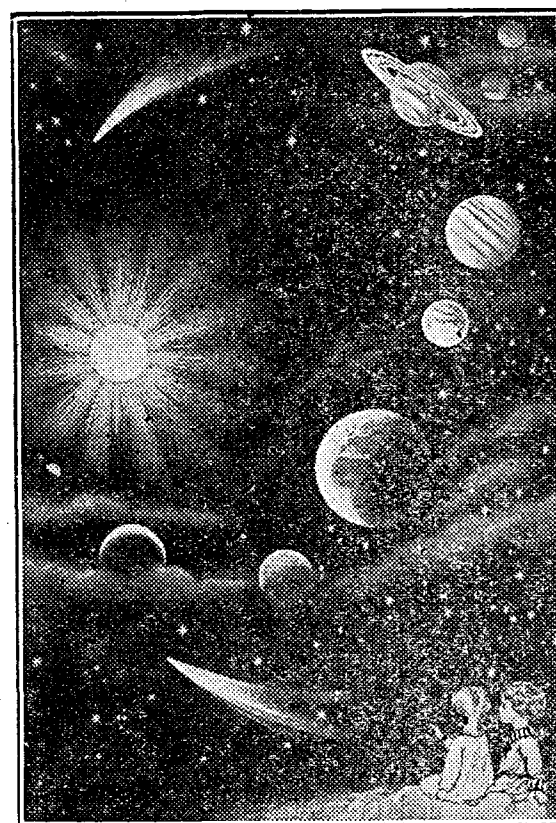
Twenty Thousand Little Map-Pictures

And never have children or grown-ups held in their hands an Atlas of the World like the Atlas this book gives—such an array of picture-maps as must captivate us all, for these maps, hundreds of pages of them, show us not only the boundaries of nations, the rivers and hills and oceans, but a whole world of astonishing things.

They show us the insect life and plant life of a country, its animals and birds, its industries, great events in its history and where they happened, sometimes the fossils that lie under its streets and fields. With these maps, too, come hundreds of glorious pictures of the striking scenes in all these lands, their landscapes, cities, peoples, and buildings, while the little pictures on the maps, thumb-nail pictures carefully and beautifully drawn, must number 20,000.



Colleon on his horse



The procession of the worlds

Maps of Millions of Years Ago

Unique and splendid, also, something perhaps never attempted before, is the Picture Geology of our Island Home, thought out and executed by the famous scientific artist of the Children's Encyclopedia, Mr. George F. Morrell.

It gives us vivid pictures of our country in the dim ages of the past—in the age when the first forms of life were appearing, the age of great fishes; the age when plants began to creep over the Earth and the amphibians were coming ashore and peopling the land with giant reptiles that were to grow into the birds; when most of England was at the bottom of the sea, and the chalk beds were laid down; and when the mammoth and the mastodon found a grave in the mud of the Thames.

Beneath our feet lie all that is left behind of these distant ages of the world, and from these fossils we can reconstruct the scenes of life in these islands a thousand centuries, ten thousand centuries, a hundred thousand centuries ago.

These graphic maps and pictures make it possible for any child to know the sort of creatures living a million years since in the places where we live now. You see the Iguanodon and say: "He lived where I live now." You see Old Brontosaurus, and say: "He tramped across my garden."

No series of pictures like this has ever been made before, and this is only one of a hundred great things in this wonderful book.

Every story in this book goes on without a pause until it ends. The creators of the Children's Encyclopedia conceive the world as one great whole, and here its story marches onward in perfect order until the tale is told.

rs in 1000 Chapters and 10,000 PICTURES

The Children's Newspaper

The Mother of the C.N. Comes to See Her Children



The Children's Newspaper grew out of the Children's Encyclopedia. This famous book has now been produced entirely new for C.N. readers

Part 1 Will be Ready on October 12

As the demand for Part 1 will be very great, you should place an order with your newsagent NOW

BOYS LEARNING TO RULE CANADA BIG MOVEMENT GOING AHEAD

Parliaments and City Councils
Get to Work

FATHERS TO UNDERSTAND THEIR SONS

By Our Canadian Correspondent

C.S.E.T. are magic letters in Canada now. They stand for Canadian Standard Efficiency Training, the great boys' work organisation.

The C.S.E.T. movement trains boys along lines somewhat similar to the Scout movement, except that there is no uniform and no drill, and perhaps a little more emphasis is laid on the religious, athletic, and social side of the boys' lives. A sister organisation exists among the Canadian girls.

A huge percentage of the population of Young Canada comes under the influence of these two movements, which have permanent headquarters and staff at Toronto and sub-executives at provincial capitals. It is the men in charge of this C.S.E.T. programme who are organising throughout the Dominion the Boy Parliaments and City Councils.

A Junior Mayor

As the C.N. explained some time ago, the City of Toronto has a fully-fledged Junior Mayor and Junior City Council, whose aim is to legislate for boys of Toronto as authoritatively as the regular City Council. The Province of Ontario also has a Boys' Provincial Parliament to handle provincial questions affecting boys, and an Alberta Parliament and a Maritime Parliament now exist as well.

The sessions of Parliament are conducted in the regular provincial parliament buildings, and all regular Parliamentary formalities are gone through. All C.S.E.T. members in the Province between the ages of 15 and 20 have the franchise at the annual general election, and each district sends in its member, pledged to support either the party in power in the previous Parliament or the Opposition.

Father and Son Week

One of the subjects that have brought forth the hottest discussion in recent session is nothing more nor less than the time-honoured one of votes for women, the question of extending the franchise to members of the girls' organisation.

The Government has been memorialised to enforce more strictly the laws against selling tobacco and cigarettes to minors; an act was passed specifying the length of time required to be spent on Bible study and prayer at all C.S.E.T. meetings; an act was passed constituting local boys' town councils and rural district councils.

Other questions taken up at one or all of these Parliaments have been the standards to be set for the various badges and awards for athletic, intellectual, and religious attainments; and the establishment of an annual "Father and Son Week," in which special effort is to be made to bring the fathers and sons together, and to have them understand each other.

Boy Parliaments

The Provincial Cabinets are made up of the Premier and Ministers in charge of the Departments of Organisation, Municipalities, Intellectual Programme, Physical Programme, Devotional Programme, and Social Programme, together with a Provincial Secretary. The only adult who has anything whatever to do with the proceedings is the Lieutenant-Governor, usually a provincial boys' official, and it is his place to read the Speech from the Throne and prorogue the House.

It is expected that before long each of the nine provinces will have one of these Boy Parliaments, and the ultimate goal is a Dominion Boy Parliament at Ottawa. Even the Parliaments now in existence have not yet broadened out into the full scope of their usefulness.

SWIMMING THROUGH A RIVER ON FIRE

A FIRE on a ship is one of the most alarming and terrible experiences that a man can meet. But Professor Edwin Kemmerer, of Princeton University, America, and his wife and two children had a more terrible experience still, for they had to face first an explosion, then a ship on fire, then a river on fire.

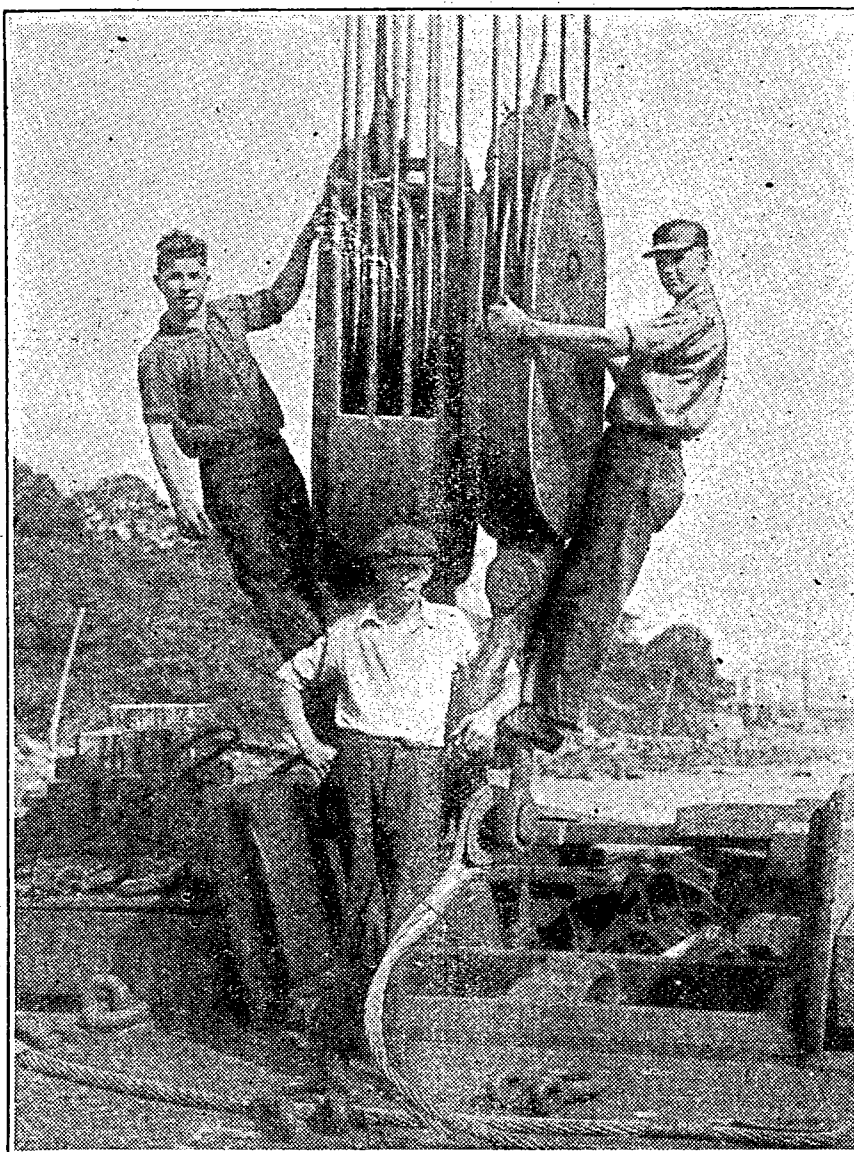
Professor Kemmerer and his family were on a steamer going down the Paraná River when the ship's boiler exploded, and a cargo of 5000 gallons of oil caught fire. They remained on the blazing vessel as long as they could, but finally had all to plunge into the river. By this time the oil floating on the river had also caught fire, and they

had to swim amid the flames. To add to the terror of the situation a second explosion occurred on the vessel, and as they swam for their lives they were sprinkled with boiling and burning oil. Around them were people hanging to burning wreckage and some, in despair, gripped the professor and his wife.

Fortunately, all four were good swimmers, and, by diving and swimming under water to escape, they succeeded in reaching the shore, 300 yards away, but they were all badly burned.

Professor Kemmerer's son was only 13, and his daughter 16, and they must have had great pluck and courage to be able to swim and dive amid the flames that came so suddenly upon them.

A MAMMOTH PULLEY GETS TO WORK



The White Star Liner Majestic took to New York a spare shaft weighing 23 tons and two spare propellers weighing 16 tons each to be stored there for her in case of accident. This is the giant pulley that landed the shaft and propellers on arrival

WHAT HENRY LAWSON DID

LAST week we referred to the burial by the Commonwealth of Australia of Henry Lawson, their national poet.

He is rightly credited with that distinction because he was the first Australian poet who wrote of Australia just as Australians see it and think of it.

The earlier poets of the island continent naturally wrote verse in unconscious imitation of the poetry of the Motherland. To them British poetry was the right kind of poetry.

But while it is true that the forms of poetry suiting the English language are the same everywhere, each part of the English-speaking world will in time have its own ways of observation, thought, and expression. So Scotland has her Robert Burns, Ireland her Tom Moore

and W. B. Yeats, the United States their Lowell and Bret Harte, and each national poet represents a somewhat different way of seeing the world and of expressing what is seen. Henry Lawson's vigorous verse represented Australia distinctly, and Australia felt and owned the local truth ringing through all his writings.

As there is room within the British Empire for special growths of manly character in its widely separated parts, so there is room in English literature for its enrichment by poetry native to each nation that helps to compose the Empire; and each of those nations will be glad to see that Australia knows its own form of poetic genius, and is prompt to honour it.

COLLAPSE OF GREECE

PITIFUL AMBITIONS OF A WEAK NATION

The Ruin King Tino Has
Brought Upon His People

MENACE TO EUROPE

By Our Political Correspondent

The after-the-war map of Europe is again being changed.

The Turks, after less than a week's fighting, have bundled the Greek army out of Asia Minor, and Turkey is claiming the right to re-enter Europe as a Balkan Power. It is a difficult situation, caused by the ambition and incompetence of the Greeks.

A hundred years ago the Greek race was living under tyrannical Turkish rule. Gradually they gained freedom, through the sympathy and help of the chief nations known during the recent Great War as the Allies—that is, Great Britain, Russia, and France. Yet, when that war broke out in 1914, the sympathy of the Greek Government was not given to the nations who had been the friends of Greece, but to Germany from whom Greece had never received any help; to Turkey, her former enemy; and to Bulgaria, one of her rivals.

A Great Statesman

An important section of the Greek people did not agree with King Constantine's attitude of scarcely-veiled hostility to the Allies, and under the leadership of the great Greek statesman Venizelos it seemed likely that Greek opinion did not support the king.

Evidently the king thought so, for he removed himself to Switzerland, and, led by Venizelos, Greece joined the Allies in a friendship that was greatly to her advantage. Never has a nation that deserved so little been treated so well as Greece was treated by the Allies. They thought that the mind of Venizelos, whom they trusted, was her mind, and when the war was won by them Greece reaped greater advantages than any other nation. Territory was added to her, in Europe and in Asia Minor, that increased her population four-fold.

The Return of Constantine

The effect on her was not good. Her ambition became inflamed. The military clique regained their power. Constantine was received back with raptures. Venizelos was defeated in a general election, and the new and enlarged Greece became bent on a further extension of power. It was clear that the mind of Greece was not what her friends had hoped for.

Since then, not only has she, in Asia Minor, pushed her conquest from the coastal region of Smyrna farther inland into Turkish territory than was wise or safe, and farther than European opinion would support her in going, but quite recently she planned the seizure of Constantinople, until sternly forbidden by the Powers now holding the city as neutral ground. This she did under the leadership of her ambitious king, though she has no money and her army is never altogether trustworthy.

The End of a Dream

With a population of about three millions in the part of Greece that is really Greek, and five or six millions more in adjoining lands, where Greeks are a decided minority, the country has been behaving as if it were united in race and in mind and could pursue ambitions only to be attained by men whose spirit is that of the Greeks of over two thousand years ago.

The end of this dream has come in Asia Minor with dramatic suddenness. The Turks sprang on the unprepared Greek armies and swept them away in headlong flight and panic to the coast and their ships.

The military power of Greece in Asia is shattered completely, her position in such European lands as are not predominantly Greek is shaken, and map-making must begin again.

LAND THAT TREMBLES

A 1,000 EARTHQUAKES IN FOUR MONTHS

Schoolboys Feel Their School Shake

THE PUMICE-STONE CHIMNEY

In the centre of North Island, New Zealand, in a region of almost dormant volcanoes with long Maori names, is Lake Taupo. From the mountains around a little smoke issues, and all is generally peaceful. But this year, as the C.N. maps have already shown, there has been a certain liveliness.

From the small township of Taupo, in a northerly direction, lie two little places, Oruanui and Wairakei, and within the triangle formed by the three places there have been almost continuous earthquakes since the end of May. Over nine hundred have been recorded, but this does not include minor shakes or the frequent vibrations. A clever English professor, from Woodford in Essex, has found, by the aid of wonderful apparatus, that the centre of the disturbances is within the triangle at a depth of three miles.

Ten Little Maori Boys

The correspondent of the C.N. who tells us this, and his wife, are English teachers of the Oruanui Native School, where forty Maoris attend regularly. Mrs. Miller teaches the preparatory class children, and they enjoy singing Little Jack Horner, and Ten Little Maori (not Nigger) Boys. They write very nicely and like school, but find English rather difficult. They have action, songs and games in the playground, like boys and girls in England. The bigger boys have lessons in the school workshop, and all the girls are learning to knit and sew.

The little Maoris were very frightened when the earthquakes began, because the shaking school made a big noise and things fell down. But they were taught to sing Old King Cole when the heavy shakes came, and when awakened in the night by creaks, cracks, and moving bedsteads, they had a merry time singing.

One day, just as school had closed, an earthquake sent the school chimney, made of pumice bricks, down with a crash. The land is of pumice for miles.

Ground Heaves Like the Sea

Big cracks in the ground began to appear at Oruanui on June 18, and these increased until, on July 19, when our correspondent wrote, the total length was about three thousand feet. The cracks ranged up to three inches in width, and up to four feet in depth. Small springs of cold water appeared here and there. All the natives disappeared, and the teachers left their home after a severe shock on July 14.

The chimney fell with a crash on a tank, several other tanks were twisted and spurted water in all directions, doors jammed, shelves were cleared, and the ground heaved like a rough sea. Earth-cracks appeared right up to and under the schoolmaster's house.

The ominous rumblings continued long after the particular shake referred to, and even five days after big quakes and landslips were recorded and the activity was not over.

Fortunately the seismic disturbance is confined to a few miles, but it is not a pleasant place to live in just now.

BATTLE OF THE BEES AND CHICKENS

A chicken pecked at a bee at Barkway in Hertfordshire, whereupon a large number of bees attacked twenty-four chickens, four of which have since died of their stings. The owner of the chickens and the village constable saved the chickens from worse trouble.

WIRELESS CONCERTS FOR LIGHTHOUSES

Brightening the Lives of the Lonely Watchers

UNITED STATES LEADS THE WAY

On the outskirts of civilisation in remote spots difficult of access stand the lonely sentinels that warn sailors of dangerous rocks and sunken reefs on which their ships may be wrecked.

Many of these lighthouses are visited only two or three times a year, and the life of the keepers is one of extraordinary loneliness. Hitherto there has been no contact with the outside world.

Now, however, wireless has changed all this, and the lighthouse keepers will no longer feel themselves altogether cut off from civilisation.

In some cases in America the periods during which the keepers remain isolated are longer even than those of British lighthouse keepers. In Alaska, for instance, in the lighthouses along the Behring Sea, the keepers remain at their posts for three years at a stretch. Only every fourth year are they able to return to civilisation. Some of them have been without letters or communications of any kind for ten months at a time.

In Touch with the World

The United States Government has now decided to instal wireless telephones in all the remote lighthouses, so that the monotony of the watchers may be relieved by the sounds of men and things.

Already several of the Alaskan lighthouses have had radio-telephones installed, and the men greatly appreciate the brightness which these have brought into their lives.

They are now able to sit every evening listening to the broadcasted concerts and lectures that have become such a feature of American life.

No doubt the idea will one day be extended to lonely lighthouses round the British coasts. These beacons of warning would fail were it not for the keepers, and it is a duty that civilisation owes to these lonely men to make their lives as bright as possible in the difficult conditions under which they work.

There are, of course, fewer lonely lighthouses round Britain than round the coasts of big countries like America.

SAFETY FIRST FOR THE MINER

The Danger of the Pit

We have had Safety First in the street, in the factory and workshop, and on the railway, and now it is to be practised in the mine.

The Advisory Committee appointed under the Mining Industries Act to deal with questions concerning the industry decided recently to launch a Safety First campaign in the coalfields, and the scheme is being taken up at many important collieries.

There is great need for such a campaign. Figures published not long ago show that fatalities in mines are so frequent that once in every three hours, night and day, a life is lost somewhere far below the surface of the earth.

That is the appalling price paid for the coal we burn, and it is sad to know that many of these accidents could have been prevented with a little foresight and care. Because they live a life of almost daily familiarity with the mine the miners grow indifferent to the dangers constantly surrounding them, and it is to teach precaution in their hundred different tasks that Safety First committees are to be formed at the pits.

One committee, at the Atherstone Collieries near Manchester, has already done splendid work, and the men have responded with enthusiasm. Atherstone Collieries have a good reputation, for comfortable baths have been built at the pithead so that the men can rid themselves of grime before going home.

AMERICA'S ENEMY

What Can be Done with the Boll Weevil?

FORMING A COTTONLESS BELT

Even now, in these days of trouble, few things cause more anxiety in the United States than the cotton boll weevil, the enemy that has wrested from America the cotton sceptre of the world.

The Department of Agriculture, which has just issued the official statement of the damage done in 1921, declares that this was £152,500,000, or twice as much as the official estimate made at the beginning of the year. It is not so much, however, as some of the unofficial estimates made by senators and others, but is the heaviest loss on record from this most disastrous of all insect pests.

Some time ago Senator Smith, of South Carolina, said, "I venture to predict that we have seen for the last time in American history the production of a fourteen million bale cotton crop." This sounded unduly pessimistic at the time, but it certainly looks like being fulfilled now.

When we remember that no practical means of exterminating this pest has yet been found, and that it multiplies so rapidly that the possible progeny of a single family in one season extending from June 20 to November 4 is nearly thirteen millions, we can understand how the pest has spread all over the cotton belt of America in a few years.

Drastic Steps Needed

Experts have suggested that the only possible way to exterminate the weevil is to prohibit cotton growing in the United States altogether for one year, so as to starve it out, but such a proposal is so drastic that Americans hesitate to adopt it.

Senator Smith, however, has an alternative proposal. He suggests that a stretch of country a hundred miles wide should be left all along the Mexican border, and on this no cotton should be allowed to grow.

The ranks of the weevil are recruited from Mexico, its native home, and as it can fly only six miles this would prevent any addition to the numbers in the United States. Then, by a patient and persistent campaign, it is hoped that the pests already settled in the United States could be gradually exterminated.

It is quite likely that this suggestion will be adopted, for if America is not to cease growing cotton altogether she will have to take some drastic steps to get rid of the boll weevil.

INKLESS FINGER-PRINTS

How They are Made

As is well known, the fine lines on the fingers are peculiar to each individual, and for a long time now finger-prints of criminals have been taken as a means of future identification; and even accidental thumb-prints left on articles are now developed and studied as clues to the perpetrators of crimes. A man may alter his writing, but he cannot alter the signature of his finger and thumb.

In America the thumb signature is now being used not only for the detection of criminals, but for the prevention of crime. Much money was being stolen from the American Post Office Savings Bank by means of forged signatures, and to put an end to such robbery the Post Office Department now takes prints of its depositors' thumbs, and anyone who wishes to draw out money has to prove his identity by leaving his thumb-print on the cheque.

Not only the Post Office Savings Bank but other banks have adopted this plan to prevent fraud, and as ink on the thumb is rather apt to blacken more than the thumb, the print is now taken by pressing the thumb on thick oiled paper, and then dusting with lamp-black the print on the paper.

SHOPS FOR CRUSOES

A CALLING PLACE IN THE WILDERNESS

Relief for Tomorrow in a Land of Tragic Yesterdays

FOOD READY FOR LOST MARINERS

"Oh, that I had in the wilderness a lodging-place of wayfaring men!" cried disconsolate Jeremiah in Bible days.

The wilderness will not be so terrible as of yore to wayfaring men if an example set by Australia is followed.

On Kangaroo Island, off the south coast of the great mainland, a store has been established in case disaster should reduce imperilled wanderers to the common lot of victims of the wilds.

The depot would dazzle the imagination of a Crusoe. It includes boots, blankets, biscuits, tinned meats, sugar, a screwdriver, tea, fresh water, matches, condensed milk, a case of distress signal-rockets, and a book of instructions complete with maps.

Suppose gallant La Pérouse, the ill-fated Columbus of France, had found such a store when, leaving Australia to the English who had beaten him in the race for the continent, he turned his ships away and sailed to his doom.

Martyrs of the Desert

The men who mapped Australia died in conditions more melancholy than even the victims of the fell Arctic. Not only did food fail, but water, which was worse. While these Australian pioneers were yet living, their bodies began to dry up from the heat and lack of moisture. They shrank to shadows, their hair fell off, they lost their voices and sight, and died the death of martyrs.

Food storage in the wilds has always been the practice toward the North and South Poles. Whenever an explorer had a surplus he left it hidden, with directions near at hand, for wayfaring men who might venture into that wilderness.

It is but recently that Stefansson, the Canadian explorer, found a deposit left by Admiral McClintock, the last of the fifteen leaders of expeditions in quest of Franklin. And Stefansson has left something of his own in the same place.

Old Stores Come to Light

For these old stores do come to light. Captain Hall, the American navigator, unearthed such a depot up in the Arctic, sixty years ago. It had been left by Sir Martin Frobisher in 1578.

There is a wealth of provision now in the Antarctic, placed in positions known to navigators by the Scott, Shackleton and Mawson parties in recent years. Each in turn may yet serve its purpose. One hard-pressed party, the last in McMurdo Sound, in the years of Shackleton's loss of his ship, lighted upon a preserve established by Scott's men.

Over the fireplace was a written notice sternly ordering all who came after to "leave the dishes clean!"

Alas, the hand that had written that merry joke was cold in death when next eyes looked upon the order.

BLACKBIRD SENTINEL

Owls that were Watched and Warned

A Kidderminster reader describes how a blackbird acted as the guardian of young birds.

In a disused loft owls have raised their families. This caused much disturbance among the blackbirds of the neighbourhood. At first we thought that a cat was about, and the cock blackbird on the barn roof was giving a warning by his chattering; but we found he was watching by the hole through which the owl entered the loft.

Sometimes he poked his head into the loft and flapped his wings at the owls. The blackbird did not seem to have any fear of the owls for himself, but appeared to be acting as sentinel for the blackbird population during their nesting season.

Now that the young ones have flown he has ceased his strange behaviour.

THE WEEK IN HISTORY

A MIGHTY THINKER

Aristotle, the Master of Those Who Know

PLATO'S MOST FAMOUS PUPIL

- Oct. 1. Landseer died in London 1873
2. Aristotle died at Chalcis B.C. 322
3. William Morris died in London 1896
4. Richard Cromwell born at Huntingdon . . . 1626
5. French Revolution ended by Napoleon . . 1795
6. Alfred Tennyson died at Aldworth 1892
7. Archbishop Laud born at Reading 1573

Aristotle, "the master of those who know," died at Chalcis, on the largest of the Isles of Greece, October 2, 322 B.C. He has been described as "the most profound and comprehensive thinker in the world before Christianity."

He was born at Stagira, in Thrace, 384 B.C. His father was a physician who acted as medical adviser to both the father and the grandfather of Alexander the Great. When he reached his eighteenth year Aristotle went to Athens, and stayed there for 20 years. First he was one of the pupils of Plato, but as time went on, though he



Aristotle

always remained an admirer of that great philosopher, he started a school of his own, and taught partly in disagreement with Plato.

When Plato died, in 347 B.C., Aristotle left Athens, and lived three years in Asia Minor with a friend who had been his pupil, and afterwards in Mitylene, whence he was called to the court of Philip of Macedonia to act as tutor to Alexander, who declared that he loved him as much as he loved his own father, for the one gave him life, and the other taught him how to live.

Leader of Greek Thought

When Alexander began his conquests Aristotle returned to Athens, and there established his school known as the Lyceum. For twelve more years he lectured to his followers, and set himself the task of surveying and summarising all knowledge, and the principles underlying knowledge. And so he became the acknowledged leader of the highest thought of Greece. But his fearless thinking raised up enemies, and finding that a conspiracy existed to accuse him of unfaithfulness to the religion of the Greeks, he left Athens, retired into privacy, and died in his sixty-second year.

There is a good deal of mystery about the manner in which his writings were spread throughout the civilised world. Other schools of thought arose in Greece and disputed with Aristotle's followers. His own manuscripts are said to have been secreted in Asia Minor for nearly two hundred years, before they were returned to Athens. Then the Romans, who had become the conquerors of the world, carried them to Rome; but with his genuine writings were mixed the writings of his followers, and Rome never had with certainty the views of Aristotle exactly as he expressed them.

Studying Things as They Are

But his writings had been translated into other languages in the East, such as Arabic, and from Arabic into Latin, and in the Middle Ages reached Europe, and were accepted as sound learning by the Christian Church. Indeed, there was a time when they were believed in as having almost equal authority with the Bible. Now the Greek writings of Aristotle are known more nearly as he wrote them.

What he did was to study things as they really are in the spirit that men of science now study everything. Almost all that we study he studied, and though he knew much less than we know, he mapped out the ground of study, and much of the language in which our knowledge is expressed comes from him.

RIVER OF LIFE AND DEATH

THE GANGES TAKES ITS TOLL

Terrible Results of the "Little More Than Enough"

WHAT A RIVER MEANS TO A NATION

India prays that the Ganges may rise each autumn in flood. It has risen punctual as the sun this autumn, but has turned prayers to weeping. For it has risen too much. Such a volume of water has come down, from excessive rain or from thawing of mountain snow, that the river has burst its bounds.

The sacred river, worshipped by millions of Hindus, has become a minister of death and destruction. It has flooded valleys, swept away houses, blotted out fields, and destroyed we know not how many lives. The event is not unusual except in severity, and the ravages of the river will be accepted by the natives with a resigned philosophy peculiar to Eastern peoples.

Bringing Life to the Land

For the Ganges is all in all to countless hosts who line its banks and love its name. Perhaps its material gifts were responsible originally for the worship associated with the mighty river. It brings life to the land in the form of 40,000 million cubic feet yearly of the finest soil on earth. The waters spread out and flood the country, and, on receding, leave a deposit of priceless soil.

And, in spite of the amount of soil thus given to the land, the Ganges carries to its mouth annually enough solid matter to make a mound nearly fifty times the size of the Great Pyramid.

Very sacred, then, is the Ganges to the Hindus. Hundreds of thousands make pilgrimage to bathe in its waters; the young to quicken their faith, the adults to confirm it; the sick and aged to die in it and float upon its waters.

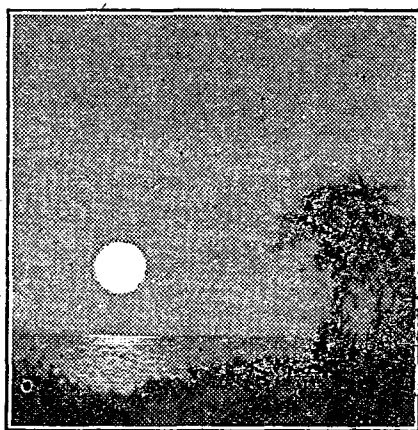
"If the Ganges destroys my crop this time, he will give me a better one next," says the mild Hindu. But things happen from Indian floods like this one which are not included in the theories of these gentle sons of Fate.

Tigers Prey on the People

A few years ago such a flood had two amazing results. The waters caught and destroyed great numbers of deer, the natural prey of the tigers; so the hungry tigers unanimously took to man-slaying. Similar causes drove poisonous snakes from low-lying jungle haunts for refuge to the raised village sites. There they bit human beings, and the deaths from snake-bite rose that year by 11,000—to nearly 22,500 for the whole country.

Extravagant examples of devotion are associated with pilgrimages to the Ganges. An enthusiast, travelling miles to the river, will prostrate himself at each step and measure every inch of the journey with his body to the ground. If only such devotion could be linked to good ends! See World Map

THE MOON NEXT WEEK



The moon at 8 p.m., summer time, on Oct. 6

C.N. QUESTION BOX

Little Puzzles in Natural History

Answered by Our Natural Historian

All questions must be asked on postcards, and not more than one question on each card. Name and address must always be given.

How Should Glow-Worms be Fed?

Their proper food is snails, but the writer kept one alive for two months on meat steeped in sweet lemonade.

Would Penguin Eggs From the Antarctic Hatch in England?

It would be almost impossible to bring an egg such a long way in a fit condition for hatching.

How Long do Swans Live?

The swan is one of the birds built to last, as we say, and lives, with good fortune, at least 50 years.

Do Birds Eat Tadpoles?

Scores of species of birds relish a plump tadpole—water birds and land birds which go to pool and pond to seek for the children of the frog.

Is the Pink Water Lily an English Plant?

The British Isles have among their native beauties only three water-lilies, the white and two yellow species. Others are importations.

Do Tortoises Die if Placed on Their Backs?

If kept in such a position long enough they would starve to death. But unless placed on too smooth a surface the tortoise rights itself.

Can White Mice be Fed on Beans?

Yes; but beans would form only a part of their diet. The beans need not be cooked, for no animal obtains any but raw food in its natural state.

Is it Safe to Keep Goldfish and Minnows Together?

It is quite safe, for the goldfish never attack the minnows unless they are confined in too tiny a bowl of water, when they might do so.

How Do Snails Crawl?

Densely packed with muscles, the foot is first lengthened in front, then shortened behind. Mucus is deposited all the time, and the foot slides along a lubricated track.

What do Young Hedgehogs Live On?

For the first fortnight or so the mother feeds them with her milk. Afterwards she teaches or encourages them to eat worms, slugs, small beetles, and other insects.

Is a White Earwig a Rare Species or a Freak?

The three British species differ only in points of structure, not in colour. The earwig mentioned is probably, therefore, an albino, one which is white because pigment has failed.

Is the Tom Tit the Same as the Wren?

No; the birds are quite distinct, the tom tit being the tiniest of a group of tits of which there are several members in England. In some parts the wren is incorrectly spoken of as the tom tit.

Are Vine Leaves Harmful to Silkworms?

If silkworms could be induced to eat them, vine leaves would not be harmful to them, but neither would they be very beneficial. The silkworm's food is the leaves of a mulberry—the white mulberry for choice.

How do the Plane, the Sycamore, and the Maple Differ?

The plane is the tree with a smooth bark that peels off in patches. The maple, of which the small one is a British species, has five-lobed opposite leaves, and the fruit is a winged nut. The true sycamore is of the fig family; so-called English sycamore is maple.

Newspaper Notes and Queries

What does R.A.G.C. mean? Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St. Andrews.

What does Quant. Suff. mean? This is an abridgment of the Latin quantum sufficit, meaning amply sufficient.

What is an Exequatur? An official recognition given by a country to a consul or commercial agent coming to live in that country.

THE HARVEST MOON

HOW IT OBTAINED ITS NAME

Curious Result of the Earth's Tilt

A WEEK OF MOONLIGHT

By Our Astronomical Correspondent

Next week the Moon will be very much in evidence, for it is the time of the Harvest Moon.

This particular full moon is not like any other. It is unique, and received its name because, ages ago, when harvesting was a more prolonged business than it is today, farmers found that this moon favoured their work by appearing full, or nearly full, for over a week, rising evening after evening in the north-east before the glories of the sunset had passed away.

The Moon does this, as a rule, only once in the year, usually in September, and occasionally in October. We had a very near approach to a Harvest Moon in the early part of September; but the Harvest Moon is always the full moon which is visible nearest to September 23.

There is a reason for this. Close observation will show that the Moon rises, on an average, about fifty minutes later each night—sometimes eighty minutes later. Next week, on Sunday, it will rise only 27 minutes later, 23 minutes on Tuesday and Wednesday, and 25 minutes on Saturday.

Cause of the Harvest Moon

Thus the Moon rises only about three hours later at the end of the week than she does at the beginning, while in several other months when she is as nearly full as now she does not rise till six or seven hours later. Therefore, if farmers wanted to work all night in the fields for a week by moonlight, they could not do it because some hours of darkness would intervene between sunset and moonrise.

The cause of this remarkable phenomenon is due to the fact that we live so far from the Equator. It is well known that the Earth's axis tilts relatively to the sun to the extent of 23½ degrees, which means, from our point of view, that the Sun is about 90 times his own apparent width nearer to overhead at midsummer as compared with midwinter.

The Moon from Many Points of View

The Earth is also tilted toward the Moon's orbit in a similar way, but it varies; at one period it reaches such an enormous difference that the Moon is 112 times her own width higher, when due south, than when she is at her lowest. This is slowly reduced till, about nine years later, the Moon is but 55 times her own apparent width higher than when at her lowest when due south.

Thus we see the moon from many points of view, and it is when we see her in the ascending part of her path among the stars that she seems to appear half an hour or so earlier each evening.

Actually what happens is this. We, in our northerly latitude, see her over the edge of the Earth sooner because she is higher up. If we went farther north she would be seen still sooner, till in the Arctic regions we should see her all the time for from one to about fourteen days.

A Mark of Gratitude

So we see that what constitutes the Harvest Moon is not that she is at her highest in the sky, for this does not occur till October 12; nor is the Moon necessarily larger, brighter, or nearer when at the Harvest Moon period, for she is actually at her farthest, or at apogee, next week, and therefore will be slightly smaller by about one-seventh.

It is merely the fact of her being there, almost full, for so many evenings in succession that has earned her the gratitude of mankind for long ages and won her the title of Harvest Moon. G. F. M.

THE HOUSE OF SILENCE

A School Story
With a Mystery

Told by T. C. Bridges,
the C.N. Storyteller

What Has Happened Before

A brief synopsis of the early chapters appeared in last week's issue.

CHAPTER 11

The Chums Back Up Ray

"CARTWRIGHT is out of hospital," was the news that Bob Dane gave Jimmy one morning about a week after Ray's last adventure with the bullies and his escape from them across the river. "I saw him coming out."

"Did you speak to him?" asked Jimmy.

Bob looked uncomfortable.

"No, I didn't," he confessed. "Fact is, Jimmy, it's a bit awkward with all these stories that Arden has spread about Cartwright having taken that money from Bulmer's pocket."

"Bah! I don't believe a word of it," retorted Jimmy. "Cartwright's a bit of an ass, I'll allow, but I'm jolly sure he's not a thief. Arden's spread this story out of sheer spite."

"A lot of fellows believe it," said Bob.

"Well, I don't, and I'm jolly well going to speak to Cartwright as soon as I see him," answered Jimmy stoutly.

"All right," said Bob. "Then I shall too. After all, Cartwright scored off Arden jolly neatly the other day, and that's all to the good. Arden's lot are getting a bit above themselves these days."

As the chums strolled into their class-room, the first person they saw was Raymond Cartwright. A big fellow, Arthur Repton, who was treasurer of the school football team, was talking to him.

"All boys pay five shillings each term to the Games Fund," he was saying. "Surely you have not yet spent the whole of your beginning-of-term money?"

Ray flushed miserably.

"I—I'm very sorry, Repton," he stammered. "I haven't got any money; but I expect I shall get some soon, and then I promise I'll pay at once."

"Well, mind you do," said Repton curtly. "Bring it me in my study as soon as you have it."

As Repton left the room, Arden, who had been sitting reading in a corner hidden by the blackboard, suddenly got up.

"So you can't pay your games subscription, you young beggar!" he sneered. "What have you done with the money, you stole from Bulmer last week?"

Ray stared a moment in a sort of staggered amazement. Then all in a flash he flared up and swung round upon Arden with a fury of which Jimmy would never have believed him capable.

"You dare call me a thief?" he cried.

For a moment Arden looked rather as if a rabbit had turned and bitten him, but he recovered himself quickly.

"I dare and I do," he mimicked. "We all know you were the only one who was in the change room before us that day you went in swimming."

"You mean the day you fell into the bog," retorted Ray, with a quickness that surprised and delighted Jimmy. "I suppose this is the way you think you'll get back on me—by trumping up this lying story against me."

"Good for you, Cartwright!" cried Jimmy. "That's just about the size of it."

Arden whirled on Jimmy. His queer eyes were aflame with fury. But Jimmy stood his ground, and Arden hesitated. He could have kicked Jimmy easily enough, but to huddle him and Bob together was a bit beyond his mark. The two were notoriously the toughest youngsters in the school; and just at the moment Arden had not Hogan or Bulmer to back him.

"I'll make you sorry for that," he snarled.

"Try it," returned Jimmy, standing his ground.

Angry as he was, Arden knew better. He went for Ray again, and began to twist his arm.

"Own up, you brat. Own up that you stole that money."

"I never touched it, and you know it," cried Ray.

"Let him alone, Arden," broke in Jimmy sharply. "Chuck that, or we'll both go for you."

Arden dropped his hold of Ray.

"You'd better try it. I'd knock your heads off," he bluffed.

"You might, but yours would suffer too," replied Jimmy grimly. "Cut for it, Cartwright. We'll keep him."

Ray hesitated.

"Go on, you idiot!" cried Jimmy sharply, and Ray, seeing that he meant it, slipped out of the room.

Arden was raging.

"You young fools, you're backing up a thief," he declared. "When it's proved, you'll suffer with Cartwright."

"Yes, when it's proved," replied Jimmy coolly. "But you'll have a job to prove it, Arden."

"I'll prove it—and sooner than you think," growled Arden, as he picked up his book again.

Jimmy and Bob went off.

"I'm off to find Cartwright," said Jimmy. "I'm going to have a talk with that kid. I'm sure there's something in him. Did you see the way he stood up to Arden?"

"Yes, he's not a funk, anyhow," agreed Bob. "Well, I'm going down to the shop to get some fives balls."

The two parted, and Jimmy slipped off to his secret laboratory in the old Manor House. He was doing some experiments with coal-tar dyes, and spent every spare minute in his workshop.

He got in unnoticed, as usual, by the window, and was in the act of opening the cupboard where he kept his chemicals when there came to his ears a long, very high-pitched wail.

He pulled up short.

"What the mischief?" he muttered, and stood still, listening.

The sound came again, faint yet distinct, and to Jimmy it sounded exactly as though it rose from the depths of the earth beneath the flagged floor. It was so weird and unearthly that he felt his skin creep while his whole scalp tingled and prickled.

But Jimmy was not the sort to give way to panic.

"Sit tight, you idiot!" he said to himself. "I've got to find out what's up."

CHAPTER 12

The Second Theft

It was all very well to talk of finding out what was up, but quite another thing to do it.

Ten minutes later Jimmy was back in the old kitchen. He had been in every room in the house, and had found nothing but dust and spiders.

"This beats me," he said almost angrily. "Yet the noise must have come from somewhere. I couldn't have dreamed it."

As he spoke the sound came again—a long, high-pitched note, ending in a sort of sobbing wail. It was too much for Jimmy. Panic seized him, and the next minute he was outside, very grateful for the fresh air and the daylight.

"No; I'm blessed if I'm going to panic," he snapped, and turned back resolutely to the window. As he did so he heard the clang of the school clock striking one. It meant that he had only five minutes to wash and brush up and get to the dining-hall. He ran for it.

That afternoon Jimmy was playing football, so had no opportunity to go again to the Manor House. Nor did he see Ray except in form. It was not until the following morning that he met him. He was hurrying along the study corridor when he ran into Ray just coming out of the door of Repton's study.

"I say, Clayton," said Ray, rather breathlessly, "will you—that is, would you care for a slice of cake?"

Jimmy opened his eyes.

"I—I've got rather a good one," went on Ray in a hurry. "I wish you and Dane would have some."

"It's much too good an offer to turn down," replied Jimmy, with a grin. "Come on. I expect Bob's in the box-room."

Bob was in the box-room and quite ready for cake. But he and Jimmy both stared when they saw Ray's cake. It was a huge Dundee that must have cost half a ten shilling note, rich and full of fruit.

"You've been going it, young 'un," remarked Jimmy, as Ray began to cut the cake. "Here, steady on! I can't eat more than half a pound at one go."

"I'm sorry I said that Cartwright was stingy," remarked Bob to Jimmy a little later as the two strolled across the Quad. At the moment the two were passing under the windows of the Fourth Form room, and just then a voice came from above.

"Here he is. Hang on to him, Bulmer. Don't let him go."

Jimmy pulled up short.

"That's Arden," he said. "And I'll bet they've got Cartwright again. Come on, Bob. We've got to see what's up."

Bob nodded, and they ran. Inside the class-room they found about a dozen boys, who stood in a ring. Ray was in the middle, with Bulmer holding him and Arden and Hogan standing over him. Ray was looking very white, yet faced his tormentors with a sort of desperate pluck.

Arden was speaking.

"It's no use telling lies. You've got to own up this time."

"What's up?" demanded Jimmy of the nearest boy.

"Haven't you heard? Someone has stolen a pound out of Repton's study, and they say it's young Cartwright. He paid his games subscription this morning."

CHAPTER 13

The Battle in the Fourth

For a moment Jimmy was staggered. He had himself seen Ray coming out of Repton's room, and he had no means of knowing whether Repton had been there or not. Then, like a flash, it came to him that Ray must have

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had the money much earlier in the day or he would never have had time to buy the cake.

Next moment Ray was speaking.

"I've told you my father sent me the money," he said sharply. "I had a pound note from him this morning."

"That's true," broke in Jimmy.

"At least, I saw Cartwright get a letter with a foreign stamp at breakfast."

Arden glared at Jimmy.

"Everyone knows you're in with the young thief," he said harshly, "so your evidence doesn't count."

"It's as good as your beastly accusation," retorted Jimmy. "We all know you hate Cartwright because you spotted him laughing at you the other day in stinks."

There was a titter at this, and some of the other chaps looked at Jimmy as though they agreed with him. Arden was furious.

"I'll deal with you, Clayton, when I've finished with Cartwright," he threatened.

"You'd bully anyone as long as they were not big enough to lick you," returned Jimmy recklessly. He turned to the others. "I say, you chaps, haven't we put up with these cads about long enough?"

Arden made a jump at Jimmy and his fist whizzed out. Jimmy ducked and caught Arden round the knees. The bully shot a yard onward and landed with a crash on the floor.

"Now's our chance," shouted Jimmy. "Boot 'em out!"

Even as he spoke Hogan, who was the brains of the three bullies, saw the danger and hit Jimmy hard in the mouth, sending him down on the boards. But Hogan had forgotten Bob Dane, and Bob, furious at the cowardly blow which had felled his chum, went for Hogan like a wild cat. Hogan managed to ward the first blow, but Bob collared him round the waist, and the two went trampling round together, knocking over benches and banging into desks.

Bulmer, seeing both his chums in trouble, dropped Ray. Next instant he got the shock of his life, for Ray, instead of clearing out, ran at him, butting like a ram.

"Ouch!" gasped Bulmer, as Ray's head got him full in the stomach, and down he went with a crash that shook the boards.

"Good for you, kid!" shouted a boy called Guise, a rather decent sort. "Here, you chaps, lend a hand. I'm fed up with these bullies."

Arden, who was on his feet again, made a rush at Guise; Hogan, who had flung Bob aside, joined him, and Bulmer scrambled to his feet. Ferguson and two more of their toadies backed them, but some slunk away. The rest joined Jimmy's party.

"Slay the little brutes," roared Arden, and rushed. Next moment the fiercest battle the Lower Fourth had ever known was raging.

Arden's lot were much the taller and stronger, and numbered six in all, while the others, though there were eight of them, were much smaller and lighter. At first it looked all odds on Arden's side, especially as Ray knew nothing of using his fists. But Jimmy, who had recovered from his fall, had a head on his shoulders, and so had Bob. They both went straight for Arden, and, though they got badly hammered, stuck to him like terriers to a bear. They pinned him against a desk and forced him backward.

The desk was heavy and solid, but it could not stand the pressure. Over it went, and over went the three boys, thundering to the bare boards.

The row was so tremendous that the others all stopped and stared.

At that moment the door was flung open and a boy dashed in.

"Cave!" he shouted. "Look out! Slogger's coming with his biggest cane."

TO BE CONTINUED

Who Was He?

The Belfast Boy

IN 1824 there was born in Belfast a boy who may almost be said to have been cradled in mathematics.

His father was a professor of mathematics, and after his mother's death the father decided not to send the boy and his brother to school but to teach them at home himself, and naturally he gave much attention to mathematics.

When the boy was eight the father was appointed professor at Glasgow University, and the family removed thither. Two years later, at the amazingly early age of ten, the boy matriculated and entered the university. Five years later he won the university medal for an essay on the figure of the earth, and at 17 left, without a degree, and became an undergraduate at Cambridge.

There he astonished everyone by his extraordinary knowledge and ability, and published several papers on very abstruse subjects. He rowed in his college boat, and won the silver sculls.

He also took a keen interest in music and helped to found the Cambridge University Musical Society, playing the French horn in its first concert.

After leaving Cambridge, he went to Paris for a short time, and on returning to England he was appointed Lecturer in Mathematics at Cambridge, and a year later Professor of Natural Philosophy at Glasgow, a post he held for 53 years.

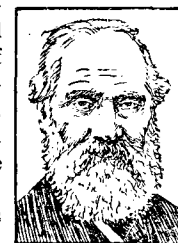
All his life he was a most strenuous worker, and he takes rank among the very greatest scientists of all time. His work was not merely theoretical, but he originated many important inventions, and was the man who made possible the successful laying and working of an Atlantic cable. As the result of his triumphant work, he received the honour of knighthood.

"There cannot be a greater mistake," he once said, "than that of looking superciliously upon practical applications of science. The life and soul of science is its practical application."

Despite his devotion to science he found time for healthy outdoor recreation, and one day, when curling in Scotland, slipped on the ice and broke his thigh, an accident that left him lame for the rest of his life. He was also a skilful navigator and loved to sail his own private yacht.

Honours flowed thickly upon him from his own and foreign countries. He received a peerage, and the coveted Order of Merit, and was made a Privy Counsellor and Chancellor of his old University at Glasgow.

When he died in 1907, at the age of eighty-three, he was buried in Westminster Abbey. Here is his portrait? Who was he?





Now Rings the Woodland Loud and Long



D! MERRYMAN

HEADMASTER (to caretaker): "I see the notice 'Only to be used in case of fire' has been removed from the corridor."

Caretaker: "Yes, sir; I have just found it. Some of the boys had nailed it on the coal-bin."

□ □ □

What Am I?

MY first was ne'er against you yet,
Nor shall with my consent;
My second to the harp is set,
Or other instrument.

My whole the constant hope of all,
And, though possessed by many,
Ne'er gave upon this earthly ball
Complete content to any.

Solution next week

□ □ □

Proof

IT is a simple matter to prove that a dog has ten tails.

No dog has nine tails, but one dog has one more tail than no dog. Therefore, one dog has one tail plus nine, which equal ten.

□ □ □

WHY is the letter F irresistible?
Because it makes all fall.

□ □ □

In Hiding

A BIRD hides her pretty head under her wings;

A hedgehog rolls up in a ball;

A bat, upside down, spreads his ears on his crown;

From chrysalides butterflies crawl.

A tortoise retires 'neath the rim of his shell;

A shell, too, is shield for the snail;

The froggie, one knows, as a tadpole he goes

With his legs tucked away in his tail!

□ □ □

A Ribbon Problem

A LADY in a draper's shop asked the price of some ribbon, but, when the shopkeeper told her, she said that it was too dear.

"Well," replied the tradesman, "I will take off a halfpenny a yard."

After considering for a moment the lady accepted the offer.

"I intended to spend ten shillings," she said, "and at the reduced price I shall get an extra yard for the same money."

What was the price per yard at which she bought the ribbon?

Solution next week

□ □ □

WHY is a pig the most curious of all living creatures?

Because it must be killed before it can be cured.

□ □ □

School Howlers



The Graven Image

WHEN a girl was asked during a scripture lesson to describe a graven image she wrote that it was "an idle maid with hands."

□ □ □

The Only Way

AN American newspaper claims that the hogs in a certain State are so fat that, in order to find out where their heads are, it is necessary to make them squeal and then judge by the sound.

WHY should a man always carry a watch when travelling in a dry desert?

Because every watch has a spring in it.

A Day's Fishing



"I'll catch the fish," bragged Brownie Puff;

"I'll catch 'em all!" cried he.

"With rod and line, and proper bait,

I'll catch the fish, you'll see!"

He fished for hours, until the sun showed just a crimson rim,

And then a Tooth Fish gave a leap,

And in a twink caught him!

□ □ □

Truth Spoken in Jest

"THE rich," said a Dutchman on a visit to England, "eat venison because it ish deer, and I eat mutton because it ish sheep."

□ □ □

WHERE does the path of duty lie?

Through the Custom House.

□ □ □

Buried Towns

IN each of the following sentences a well-known British town is buried:

I like to see the children scamper through the woods.

Many a saint I've seen carved in stone.

If you are going to be a solicitor you will need a box for deeds and documents.

We sailed north and went by Orkney and Shetland.

This letter is from Ethel; I can tell by the handwriting.

What are they? Answers next week

□ □ □

Is Your Name Leach?

THIS name has not always the same origin. Sometimes it comes from a person who acted the part of doctor or apothecary and used leeches, and sometimes it is from a dialect word, lache, a bog, and was given in the first place to a man who lived near a bog.

□ □ □

WHAT is that which the more you take from it the larger it grows?

A hole.

□ □ □

Allowing for Lost Time

MOTHER was very busy, so she left little Joan in the kitchen with instructions to boil some eggs for three minutes.

Later on it was found that the eggs had been boiled very hard.

"Joan," said Mother, "are you sure you boiled these eggs for only three minutes?"

"Quite sure, Mother," answered Joan.

"Of course, it was eight minutes by the kitchen clock, but you know that is five minutes slow."

□ □ □

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

A Boating Problem

Ten were going at ninepence a head, which would be 7s. 6d.; instead, twelve went at eightpence, making 8s.

What Am I?

Sheep (lamb and parchment)

Do You Live Here? Fishguard

A New Game for Jacko

JACKO was beginning to think that a porter's life might have a few drawbacks to it, after all.

Already there were two platforms where he dared not show his face, and he was wondering whether he had better not clear out before he got into further trouble, when he caught sight of something strange across the other side of the line.

It was a great iron cage—at least, that's what it looked like—and as Jacko watched it began to move! It was sinking into the ground, and in a twinkling it disappeared.

"Coo!" muttered Jacko. "I wonder what that is?"

He made a dive for the subway, and was down the stairs, along the passage, and up the other side before you could say Jack Robinson!

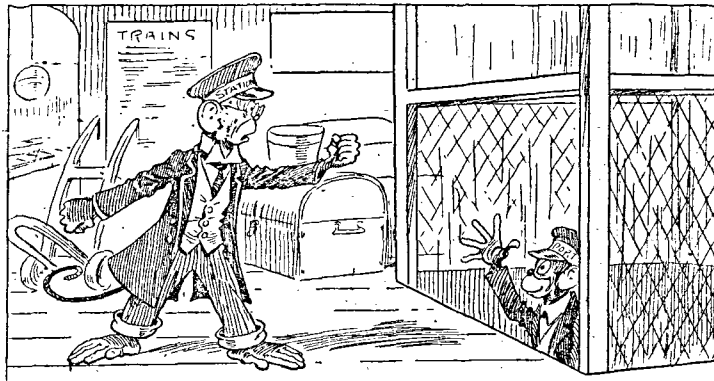
As he ran along the platform the mysterious cage came slowly up again. When the floor got level with the platform it stopped. A door opened, and a porter stepped out.

He turned his back on Jacko, went over to a pile of luggage, picked the trunks up one by one, and tossed them inside the cage. Then he got in himself, slammed the door, pulled a rope, and the whole thing began to disappear again.

"Coo!" murmured Jacko. "That's a rum show."

It was only a luggage lift, but Jacko had never seen one before. He was tremendously interested in it.

By and by the porter came up for another load. It was a



"No fear!" said Jacko, shrieking with laughter

heavy one this time, four great packing cases. Before he had got one in beads of perspiration were rolling down his face.

"Want a hand?" Jacko called out.

Without looking up the porter nodded, and Jacko bent double and began pushing with all his might.

It wasn't nearly so bad with two of them at it, and when the cases were all in the lift, and the porter stepped in after them, Jacko hopped in, too.

He was as pleased as Punch when they began to move. But he was aching to get hold of the rope and run the lift himself.

And presently the opportunity came. When they got up to the platform again the porter went off for a minute, and gave Jacko the chance he was waiting for.

He made a dash for the rope and gave it a sharp tug.

The lift started away with a jerk, and Jacko thought it was the best game he had struck for many a long day. Up and down it went as fast as Jacko could make it go. At its third journey some of the other porters caught sight of it, but before they could catch a good look at him Jacko had disappeared.

He came up again, made a face at them, and shot out of sight.

"Come out of that at once!" roared the station-master.

"No fear!" said Jacko, shrieking with laughter. And before they could stop him he was out of their reach.

But, in his excitement, he had given the rope an extra hard pull, and, instead of stopping when it got to the lower platform, the lift went on—down, down, down, into a great store cellar.

"Coo!" said Jacko. "I don't think much of this." But when he tried to get up again, the lift wouldn't move.

Ici on Parle Français



Le wigwam Le mariage Le navet

L'Indien a construit son wigwam

Nous avons assisté à un mariage

On plante les navets au printemps



Le cloître Un amiral Le feu de joie

Tout est silencieux dans le cloître

L'amiral porte un superbe uniforme

Je fais un feu de joie sur la plage

Those Who Come and Those Who Go

How many people are born in your town and how many die? Here are the figures for four weeks in 12 towns.

| TOWN | BIRTHS | DEATHS |
|------------|--------|--------|
| | 1922 | 1921 |
| London | 7440.. | 7997.. |
| Glasgow | 2085.. | 2184.. |
| Birmingham | 1525.. | 1717.. |
| Dublin | 863.. | 794.. |
| Sheffield | 781.. | 884.. |
| Belfast | 780.. | 810.. |
| Edinburgh | 669.. | 694.. |
| Swansea | 243.. | 318.. |
| Brighton | 187.. | 220.. |
| Ipswich | 116.. | 188.. |
| Carlisle | 91.. | 115.. |
| Gloucester | 83.. | 49.. |

The four weeks are up to Aug. 29, 1922

Tales Before Bedtime

The Pierrot

"YOU must go and amuse poor Nancy," said Mother.

Nancy was Billy's little cousin, and she was in bed, getting better from a bad cold.

Billy wondered how he could amuse her; and then suddenly he had a splendid idea. He would dress as a Pierrot, just like those he and Nancy had seen at the seaside, and amuse her with songs and dances.

He had a Pierrot dress. It was white, with little black pom-poms all over it, and he wore with it a pointed cap and black-and-white shoes.

Billy ran upstairs, and soon a gay little Pierrot crept out of the house carrying Father's old banjo. To make it more amusing for Nancy, he had powdered his face with flour and painted his nose with vermilion paint out of his paint-box.

When he reached Nancy's house he met Uncle Dick.

"Hullo!" he cried. "A Pierrot, upon my word! Sing me a song, my fine fellow!"

Billy sang so well that Uncle Dick said:

"Why, it's as good as being at the seaside! Where's your hat, eh?" And he popped into Billy's black-and-white hat a whole silver shilling.

This was a splendid surprise, for Billy had no money, and he wanted very badly to buy a present for Nancy.

He bought six juicy oranges from the old woman at the corner; then he went upstairs, and when Nancy saw him she was so delighted she quite forgot how tired she was of being in bed.

Billy sang funny songs and danced a hornpipe till Nancy screamed with laughter; and when the doctor came he said he had no idea Pierrots were



He dressed up as a Pierrot

such good doctors, and that the invalid could get up the next day.

"You ought to bring round your hat just like a real Pierrot at the seaside," said Nancy. "Now, shut your eyes and hold it out!"

Billy did as he was told, and when he opened his eyes again there were two juicy oranges in his hat; and as singing so many funny songs had made him thirsty, Billy the Pierrot enjoyed the oranges more than pennies.

The Children's Newspaper grew out of My Magazine, the monthly the whole world loves. My Magazine grew out of the Children's Encyclopædia, the greatest book for children in the world.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

September 30, 1922

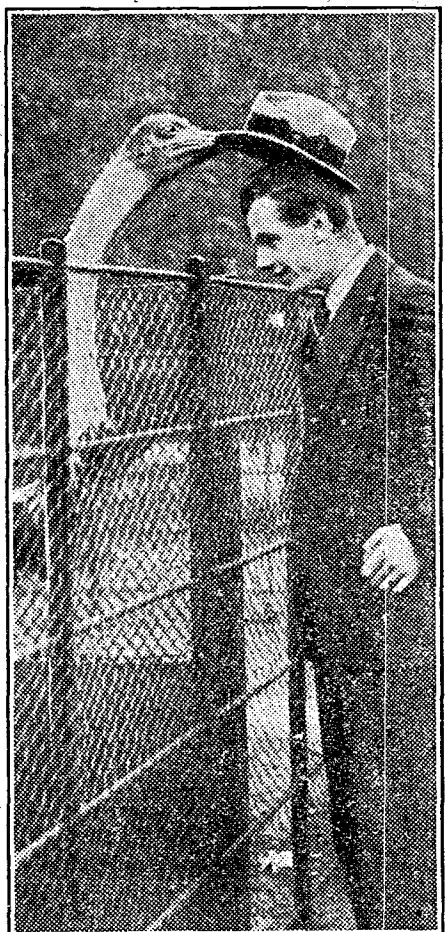
Every Thursday, 2d.

The C.N. is posted anywhere abroad for 11s. a year; inland, 13s. My Magazine, published on the 15th of each month, is posted abroad for 14s.; Canada, 13s. 6d.; British Isles, 14s. 6d. See below.

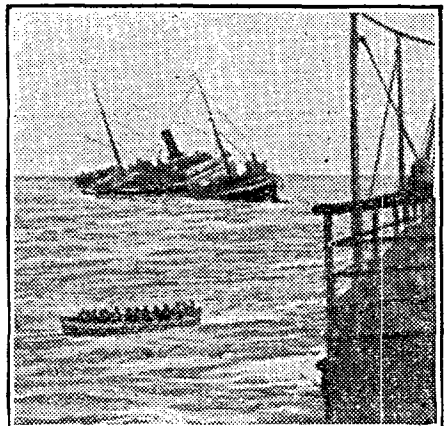
PIGEON POST IN IRELAND • ENGLAND'S CAVE DWELLERS • FLOATING SHOP



Pigeon Post in Ireland—Owing to a strike of postal employees letters could not be sent in the ordinary way, and so carrier pigeons were used to take letters from one county to another.



A Lesson in Politeness—This ostrich, at the London Zoo, evidently thinks that men visitors should raise their hats to him, and is here giving a little lesson in politeness.



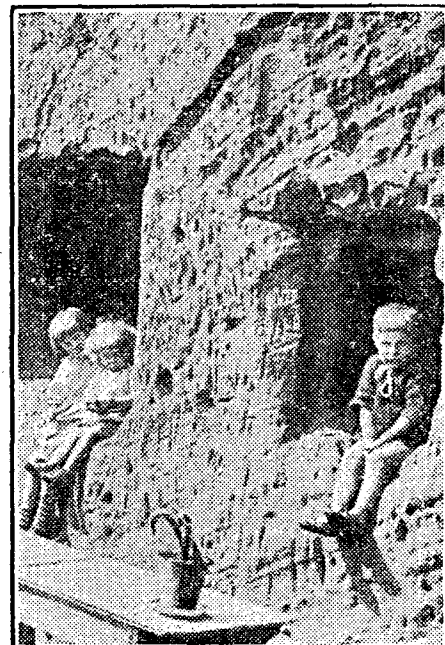
A Fine Life-Saving Feat—The British steamship Kinfauns Castle saving the passengers of the sinking liner Hammonia off the Spanish Coast. See page 2.



A Wonderful Fire Escape—Glasgow has a wonderful new fire escape that will reach the top of its highest buildings; and the other day, during a great factory fire, it was used for the first time, as shown in this picture. The work of fire fighting is now brought to a state of great efficiency in all our big cities.



Settling the Transport Problem—Many countries are grappling with the transport problem at the present time, and strange new forms of locomotion are being adopted. These little children at Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, have their own method of travelling, which is by a boar-drawn cart, the clever, trained boar being the property of Mr. Wingfield.



Cave-Dwellers in England—The parents of these children at Kinver, in Staffordshire, have solved the housing problem by living in cave dwellings hewn out of the rock.



Miss Shackleton as a Guide—Miss Shackleton, the daughter of the late Sir Ernest Shackleton, at camp with the Girl Guides in training at Blakeney, Norfolk.



A Floating Sweet-Shop—An enterprising woman at Leigh, in Essex, at the mouth of the Thames, has converted a small boat into a sweet-shop, and is here seen serving customers.

BRITISH MOTHS IN THEIR NATURAL COLOURS—SEE MY MAGAZINE FOR OCTOBER

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